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A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
THE BOOKMAN
250 GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITION.

The increasing cost of book-production is, in these days, raising very serious difficulties for the author as well as for the publisher—especially for the author who is unknown. Articles and letters have recently appeared in the newspapers reiterating that it is becoming almost impossible for the beginner to get any chance at all, for, until the enterprise is less costly and speculative, most publishers prefer to limit their lists to the works of novelists of established reputation, and are unwilling to take the risk of publishing a first novel.

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or outrageously ridiculous, that make excellent reading, and render a portrait of the elderly philosopher that is as irresistibly amusing as it is minutely truthful. If they had not been hero worshippers, blessed with a sense of humour and growing to have a real regard for him, his house-mates must have found him, with all his fads and eccentricities, an intolerable nuisance. As it was, they accommodated themselves to his sometimes irritating peculiarities, put up with his interferences in their domestic arrangements and his many small tyrannies because, having known him "in his health and sickness, in his serious and his frivolous moments," they could appreciate "the depth and the width of the great, kindly nature that lay beneath that remarkable exterior," and understood him well enough to be able to laugh at his absurdities without losing any of their respect for the man himself. It is the most human and the most entertaining book ever written about Spencer, and more indispensable to a knowledge of his personality than his own books are to a knowledge of his philosophy.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne,**

whose new romance of piracy, "Admiral Teach," has just been published by Messrs. Methuen.

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"Serenus, and Other Stories of the Past and Present," by Jules Lemaitre, translated by A. W.

Evans, will be published shortly by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount.

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Mr. Frank Butterworth
("Peter Blundell"),
the successful competitor in Mr. Werner Laurie's Humorous Novel Competition. A large edition of his prize novel, "Mr. Podd of Borneo," is in preparation.

Mr. S. P. B. Mais, whose two new books, "Lionel," a novel, and "Books and their Writers" (both published by Mr. Grant Richards), are reviewed in this Number, is Professor of English at the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, and Examiner in English to the University of London; to the Civil Service Commissioners and for the Scottish Education Board. He took a Double Blue at Oxford and Honours in Mathematics and English Language and Literature. For ten years Mr. Mais has been a teacher in three of our great public schools, and, though he is still among the young men, he has written articles and reviews for a large number of periodicals, and has published several novels and some admirable books in education and general literature. He has a new novel ready for the autumn, and another book, "Why We Should Read ——," a collection of eleven essays on authors of the present and eleven on authors of the past.

A collection of humorous and satirical sketches by Gerald Gould, with illustrations by Will Dyson, will be published shortly, under the title of "Lady Adela," by Mr. Cecil Palmer.

Messrs. Nelson are publishing the official history of the South African Forces in France, by Lieut.-Colonel John Buchan. The book was written at the request of the Union Government, which has placed all the official papers at Colonel Buchan's disposal.

Mr. Eric Leadbitter,
whose very successful new novel, "Shepherd's Warning" (Allen & Unwin, was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

A novel by Lady Dorothy Mills, "The Laughter of Fools," which Messrs. Duckworth announce, pictures the life of London during the latter half of the war, when certain sets of well-to-do people found distraction from war depression in feverish and extravagant forms of amusement.

Photo by Lizzie Caswell Smith.
Mr. J. A. Hammerton.

Photo by Russell. **Mr. Gilbert Thomas,**

whose volume of collected verse, "Poems: 1912-1919," the Swarthmore Press is publishing.

Mr. C. E. Jacomb, although still in the early thirties, is a man who has seen life in many countries, and has had a distinctly varied career. Born in Godalming, Surrey, the son of an Indian judge, his early years were spent largely in travelling through Europe, America and Canada. Educated at Harrow he passed the Army (Woolwich) entrance examination at the age of sixteen, but his health breaking down, he was forced to give up all idea of an army career, and instead was sent as a midshipman on a sailing ship to Australia. Colonial life appealing to his sense of adventure, he returned there two years later and took up fruit farming in Mildura, Victoria. He continued at this for six years, and profited by his many opportunities for visiting the different Australian states and gaining much knowledge of Australia. Desiring a change he went farther afield, this time to the New Hebrides, South Sea Islands, where he remained until the outbreak of war when he returned home like the majority of other overseas Englishmen. Mr. Jacomb has thus, in the course of his wanderings, gained a quite out-of-the-way knowledge of Empire questions, and is able to take a wider and more detailed view of English political and reconstruction problems than seems to be possible to most party politicians. Above all, Mr. Jacomb is a champion of the "underdog," and has great sympathy with Labour aspirations, through which, if properly handled, he hopes for the regeneration of England. He has written his war experiences and what he has learned from them in a remarkable book, "Torment" (Andrew Melrose), which we review in this Number.

Mr. Sivori Levey,

whose "Virginel," "The Two Knights" and "The Ruby in the Vine" (Fountain Publishing Co.), are reviewed in this Number.

Photo by John Emberson. **"Red Band,"**

whose book of poignantly personal poems, "A Prisoner in Pentonville" (Elkin Mathews), was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN. An American edition is about to be published by Messrs. Putnams.

"Cinnamon and Angelica," a fairy tragedy by J. Middleton Murry, will be published shortly by Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson.

"The Mills of the Gods," a new book of short stories by Elizabeth Robins, will be published shortly by Mr. Thornton Butterworth.

As we go to press, we learn with much regret of the death of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and shall hope to deal adequately in our next number with the life and work of one of the most popular novelists of our time.

THE READER.

HERBERT SPENCER.

(APRIL, 1820—DECEMBER, 1903.)

By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D.

As the years pass it becomes possible to think of Herbert Spencer more dispassionately. He was a pioneer of evolutionism, and now we are all evolutionists; the smoke and the heat of controversy have been dissipated, and there is clear cool air. He was a pioneer of sociology in days when even the word raised a sneer, and now we are all sociologists whether we have read our "Spencer" or not. He was a pioneer of agnosticism, and if we are not all agnostics we have at any rate learned some humility and toleration in regard to problems "that thoughts do but tenderly touch." Herbert Spencer, we mean to say, is no longer the red rag he used to be; and while this implies in part that we are too apt in these years of grace to be "but half-believers in our casual creeds," it also implies that we have learned some of the lessons that Spencer lived to teach. We can think dispassionately of the great Dissenter whom Professor Henry Sidgwick once spoke of as "our most eminent living philosopher," and in the same sentence described as "an impressive survival of the drift of thought in the first half of the nineteenth century." We can think without any vexation of the thinker whom some have likened to a second Aristotle, whom others have thrown aside as not a philosopher at all. We can think detachedly of one of the most scientific minds that ever lived, "whose excess of science was almost unscientific."

Herbert Spencer.

After the painting by Herkomer.

Of the man himself as the years pass we remember more of the greatness and less of the littleness. He was vain, he thought too much about himself, he had no sense of humour, but, if we dare say so without impertinence, he was a giant, of massive intelligence and wide horizons, who did much to broaden the thoughts of mankind. The story of his life commands our admiration for its faith, its courage and its loyalty to an ideal—the ideal of a Synthetic Philosophy. It is a story of plain living and high thinking, of devotion to a noble ambition. Spencer was a quiet servant of science, disliking controversy, sensationalism and noise, vexed by an extremely nervous temperament, and yet as resolute as a Hebrew prophet in delivering his message. Indifferent to conventional honours, careless about "getting on," contemptuous of popularity, he was entirely devoted to the pursuit of truth and absolutely fearless in championing any cause that seemed to him righteous. There was a touch of fatalism in his persuasion that he had a message from the Unknown which he must give to his generation. There was more than a touch of Nonconformity in his continual militancy, never laying his weapons aside, never thinking of compromise, always up against something—whether theology or metaphysics, monarchy or molly-coddling legislation, the classical discipline of the schools or the socialism of the market-place, war or Weismannism. And he was a braw fighter almost always—almost always, we say, for he was sometimes too keen, as when he said that "Either there has been inheritance of acquired characters, or there has been no evolution." In scientific discussion over matters of fact there ought never to be any reference to the *consequences* of a conclusion.

Spencer's life was even more uneventful than Darwin's, for there was no *Beagle* voyage. Its quietness reminds one of Kant's. But there are a few facts which it is useful to recall. Nonconformity was in Spencer's blood and bone of his bone; the traditions of the family were all in the direction of the higher values (beauty excepted); he had for practical purposes no brothers or sisters; much of his childhood was spent with considerable freedom in the country; the atmosphere of the home was intellectually stimulating but emotionally repressive; the school period was marked by little linguistic but much scientific discipline, yet with sufficient liberty to allow of an unusual amount of independent boyish thinking. For about ten years (1837–1846) Spencer was engaged in varied practical work—engineering, surveying, plan-making and superintendence, which doubtless exercised an influence on his future thinking, much stronger than he himself suspected. After an unattached couple of years, during which he continued his self-education, experimented, invented and meditated, there began a period of miscellaneous literary work, of

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journalism and essay-writing, during which he wrote his "Principles of Psychology" and felt his way to his System (1848–1860). At the age of forty he settled down to something like unity of occupation—developing and writing the Synthetic Philosophy (1860–1882). Finally, during a prolonged period of pronounced invalidism, he withdrew almost completely from social life, husbanding his energies for the completion of his System, the revision of his works, and his Autobiography (1882–1903).

Spencer's salient characteristics, what he called his "traits," were carefully analysed by himself. There was the scientific flair, "an unusual capacity for the intuition of cause"; there was "the synthetic tendency," the power of generalising or of working out unifying formulæ; and so on. It seems probable that his mental processes were many times more intense and also more extensive than those of ordinary intellectual combatants. As Sir Francis Galton put it, Spencer's composite mental photographs were many times multiple of those of ordinary mortals. A composite mental photograph from a small number of intellectual negatives yields a blurred outline—a woolly idea, with ragged edges and loose ends—but a composite mental photograph from a very large number of impressions yielded, in Spencer's case, a generalisation which was crisp and well-defined.

Spencer has told us of the defects of his qualities, and some of his frank self-analysis seems to correspond with fact. Thus his habitual disregard of authority often led him to take the opposite side without doing justice to what he sought to controvert. A shrewd naturalist has said that in tackling an unsolved problem there are only two commendable methods—one to read everything that has been written on the subject, the other to read nothing. It was the second method that Spencer followed. Except for his own works he did not set great store on the invention of printing. At any rate his own thought was always far more to him than anything he ever read. But there is little profit in noting the limitations of one so great. He belonged to the kingdom of genius, and if his emotional nature had been developed on the same grand lines as his intellect, he would have set the world aflame.

Our limits do not allow any adequate summing up of the great achievements of Herbert Spencer's life, but we would lay emphasis on three: (1) He was one of the advance guard in the Evolution campaign. He championed, almost alone at first, an idea that has now become organic in all our thinking. In his first important book (1850), "Social Statics, or the Conditions essential to Human Happiness specified, and the first of them developed," there are two or three sentences which indicate a definite step towards a general doctrine of Evolution. As far back as 1852 he published in the *Leader* an article on the "Development Hypothesis," which contained a forcible statement of what are often called "the evidences of evolution"; and in his essay on the "Nebular Hypothesis" in the *Westminster Review* of July, 1858, before the famous couple of papers by Darwin and Wallace, he clearly stated the general idea of evolution as a modal formula applicable to the world as a whole. He was an out-and-out evolutionist before the publication of the "Origin of Species" (1859), and must be ranked in the long list of pioneers who link Charles Darwin to the Greeks. He had been greatly influenced by Von Baer's views on individual development, and probably by Gœthe's, but on the whole he came to the theory of organic evolution from above rather than from below, from his studies in the intellectual and social history of mankind rather than from a deep acquaintance with biological data.

(2) Having formulated the Evolution idea, Spencer proceeded to try to bring it into rational relation with the great physical generalisations of the conservation and transformation of energy. The thinker who had collected flowers and insects as a boy, to whom the progress of humanity had become the supreme problem, had also been for many years an engineer, familiar with the conclusions that Joule, Helmholtz and others had established in regard to "the persistence of force," or the conservation of energy. In the philosophical system which was taking shape in his mind, the evolution-formula, reached inductively, could not find a secure place until it was shown to be (to Spencer's own satisfaction at least) rationally deducible from the concept of the persistence of force. The outcome was the familiar definition:

> "Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation."

(3) Having established the evolution-idea as a keystone of his system, deductively as well as inductively secure, Spencer proceeded, as every one knows, to apply the formula to every order of facts, from nebulæ to religions, from the reflex actions of animals to the social institutions of mankind, and to show that it worked. In his essay on "Progress: Its Law and Cause," he gives in simple language the gist of his Synthetic Philosophy:

> "The advance from the simple to the complex, through a process of successive differentiations (i.e. the appearance of differences in the parts of a seemingly like substance) is seen alike in the earliest changes of the Universe to which we can reason our way back, and in the earlier changes which we can inductively establish; it is seen in the geologic and climatic evolution of the Earth, and of every single organism on its surface; it is seen in the evolution of Humanity, whether contemplated in the civilised individual or in the aggregation of races; it is seen in the evolution of Society in respect alike of its political, its religious, and its economical organisation; and it is seen in the evolution of all those endless concrete and abstract products of human activity which constitute the environment of our daily life. From the remotest past which Science can fathom, up to the novelties of yesterday, that in which Progress essentially consists, is the transformation of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous."

To the question, What was Herbert Spencer's most enduring service, we should answer—his conception of the correlation of the sciences, or, as he would have said, the Unity of Science. "In an age of specialism he held aloft the banner of completely unified knowledge"; in an age of analysis he worked out a synthesis. The particular form of that synthesis must pass; it has already to some extent passed, yet only in the sense that the truth that was in it has been absorbed in the ever-growing, ever-metamorphosing, organism of thought, whence other syntheses emerge to serve a similar noble

function and to share a similar fate. From Spencer and from Comte we have learned the unforgettable lesson, that the science of the Realm of Organisms (biology in the widest sense), autonomous though it may be, rests upon the science of the Domain of Things (chemistry and physics), and forms a foundation for that science of the Kingdom of Man which we call sociology. The idea of a hierarchy of descriptive sciences, aiming at the shortest, simplest, completest, and most consistent formulation of the routine of happenings, and the idea of their correlation, for each by itself is abstract and partial, have left a deep mark on the developing thought of mankind.

"The idea of knowledge as a whole," says Professor Pringle-Pattison, "worked out on purely natural (though not, therefore, naturalistic) principles—a whole in which all the facts of human experience should be included—was a great idea with which to familiarise the minds of his contemporaries. It is the living germ of philosophy itself."

Similarly another even more unsparing critic of Spencer's philosophy, Principal Iverach, writes:

"It is a great thing to be constrained to recognise that a system is possible which may bring all human thought into unity, that there may be a formula which may express the law of change in all spheres where change happens, and that the universe as a whole and in all its parts forms one system. Suppose that the particular formula of Mr. Spencer is inadequate, is a failure, yet is it not something worthy of recognition, that a man has lived who gave his life to the elaboration of this thought, and has so far succeeded as to make men think that such a consummation is possible and desirable? He has widened the thoughts of men, has enabled them to think in larger terms, and has done something to enable men to overcome a mere provincialism of thought. In an age of specialism he endeavoured to be universal. And such an endeavour is worthy of the highest admiration."

With these stalwart philosophers behind us, we feel confident in saying that Herbert Spencer's greatest service was in focusing the idea and the ideal of a correlation of the sciences. Every intellectual combatant who ventures nowadays on the jousting-ground of the philosophy of science has this idea of the correlation of the sciences in the background of his mind; we wonder how many are aware of their indebtedness to Spencer for this mental furniture which is almost unconsciously acquired in the course of education? But if we are to make the Spencerian inheritance our own—and this of course applies to all who seek after truth, whatever be their assured, transcendental convictions (theological, philosophical, poetic, or otherwise), we must have the idea of correlation not in the background, but in the foreground of our minds. And here there is room for intellectual experiment of a fascinating sort. We study an occurrence in our experience; following Herbert Spencer's organon, we study it chemically, physically, biologically, psychologically, and sociologically if all these "aspects" are relevant. If we do this—and we usually don't—we do well. We are Spencerians of the letter. If we do more than this, and inquire into the exhaustiveness of Spencer's "aspects"; if we discover other interrelations on the complex chessboard, other facets of the crystals we use in our gazing, other relations of things which require a subtler organon than Spencer's, then we are Spencerians of the spirit.

Perhaps there is another debt that we owe to Spencer, which is suggested in his epigram: "Science is for life, not life for science." He, like Comte, was a pioneer on the distinctively modern path: *Savoir pour prevoir, Prevoir pour pourvoir.* He had clearly before him the idea of basing action on established and verified knowledge, of utilising science not merely in such applications as agriculture, medicine and navigation, but in the whole art of life. Science was to him much more than a discipline, much more than a body of knowledge which enlightens; it meant a knowledge of a given field of occurrences such that not only prediction but control becomes increasingly possible. Was there ever a scientific and philosophical thinker who had more constantly in view "the relief of man's estate"?

One is sometimes asked how much of the Spencerian system remains, but the question is misleading. During his lifetime Spencer exerted an influence wider and stronger than that of any philosopher of modern times, and much of that influence endures in the minds of men, commingling with their thoughts even when they know it not. But there have been changes which have not strengthened Spencer's system. (1) Much of his biology and psychology was based on a very insecure Lamarckian evolutionism, which held to the transmissibility of individually acquired modifications. Without dogmatising in regard to the part that individual experience may play in racial evolution, we cannot suppress the fact that the case for belief in the transmission of individually acquired modifications, as such or in any representative degree, remains very weak indeed. (2) Spencer's scientific system was mechanical, and although he was not a materialist in the technical sense, he thought of a unity rather than of a correlation of the sciences. In other words, while he did great

5, Percival Terrace, Brighton.
The house in which Herbert Spencer died.

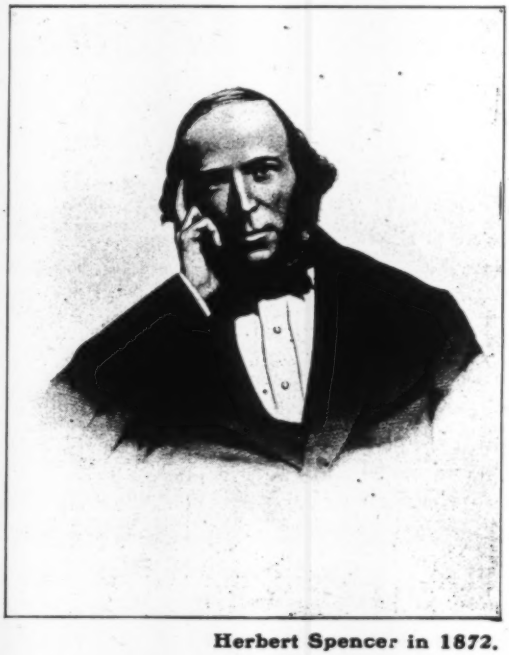
work in clarifying the biological categories, he would not have agreed with those thinkers of to-day who maintain the autonomy of, let us say, biology and psychology, who are convinced that the adequate description of Animate Nature requires other categories than those which work so well in the domain of things, and also in regard to what may be called the "inanimate aspects" of vital processes. (3) Along a path which the loyal Spencerian will not follow, there are many, nowadays, who seek an all-round or synoptic view of Nature and Man, wider than can be gained by scientific methods alone. The synthesis they seek is one which includes all the facts of human experience, which uses in its construction data other than those which can be reached by the necessarily abstract and partial methods of scientific analysis. We are not so sure as Spencer was, that science is the only right-of-way path towards an appreciation of reality.

And yet, was he sure? For we must close our grateful tribute by recalling his obeisance to "the insoluble mystery," his humility in presence of the inscrutable, his reverence for Nature, deeper than many more obviously religious minds exhibit. "At the utmost extent of his tether," to use Locke's words, "he sat down in quiet ignorance of those things which he found to be beyond the reach of his comprehension."

HERBERT SPENCER: AN APPRECIATION.

By JAMES OLIPHANT.

THOSE of us who forty or fifty years ago watched with eager interest the building up of Herbert Spencer's System of Synthetic Philosophy, and were inclined in the enthusiasm of youth to enrol ourselves as his whole-hearted disciples, can at this distance of time consider his achievement with greater calmness, and if we find that our appreciation must now be qualified in certain respects, we may at least feel that it can rest on a surer foundation. One of these qualifications concerns the originality of Spencer's contribution to the history of thought. He himself gives little help in the task of relating his gospel to the work of his predecessors, preferring in his scant references to them to dwell on the points of difference rather than on the points of agreement. It is now clear that what seemed the most striking and characteristic feature of the new instrument—the doctrine that the phenomena of human life, including all social relations, are subject to law—was the discovery not of Spencer but of Auguste Comte, in so far as any one man can be credited with the discovery of a philosophical generalisation. Another reservation concerns the consistency with which Spencer applies his principles throughout his System. In this matter there may well have been misgivings from the first. There must be many who have always felt that the exposition of the Knowable, as conceived by the author, was weakened rather than strengthened by his theory of the Unknowable, which was meant to support it. Any attempt to deal with the Unknowable seems a departure from the positive platform which Spencer avowedly adopted, and his solution of the so-called "ultimate" problems of thought has lessened his authority, alike with those who accept his scientific doctrines and with those who question their value. His quasi-theistic standpoint cannot satisfy those who should have been his most fervent followers, for they must regard the philosophy of the Unknowable as a mere excursion into the barren ground of metaphysics, a failure to carry out the analysis of the devices of language which have been so widely assumed to represent outward realities. Nor can the author's shadowy and negative conclusions as to the Unknowable bring any comfort to those who seek the basis of religion in some active principle, whether supernatural or not, which directly affects the life and destiny of man.



Herbert Spencer in 1872.

But if the highest originality and complete consistency cannot be claimed for Herbert Spencer, there remains an ample area within which his influence has been powerful and unique and is likely to be permanent. He was the first to formulate with fullness and precision the process of evolution, and to demonstrate its applicability to all the ascertainable facts of the universe, including psychological experiences and social institutions. The formula may not be final and the scope of its application may be found wider than was imagined, but these limitations scarcely detract from the grandeur of the achievement. It was indeed a sublime conception to bind together all the strands in the realm of scientific investigation by a single unifying principle which, in great measure at least, should explain their genesis and development. It is hard to know whether to admire most the splendid courage with which the enterprise was begun, or the untiring persistence with which, amid serious difficulties and discouragements, it was brought to a

From a painting by John Bagnold Burgess, 1872.
In the National Portrait Gallery, London.

Herbert Spencer.

triumphant conclusion. The world can show no more striking example of the union of the power and the will to perform a gigantic task. No one else had the necessary mental equipment—the breadth of outlook, the encyclopædic knowledge, the range of interest, the penetration into the essence of things, the skill in disentangling and arranging facts, the magnificent sweep of all available material into a well-rounded structure. Such intellectual eminence offers little example to lesser men, but Spencer has taught us all, in some degree at least, to apply his instrument in seeking to bring order out of chaos and to regard every item of experience as a probable part of a larger whole.

It would be misleading to speak of the "teaching" of Herbert Spencer as if he had professed a mission to reform the world; his was the rôle of a thinker proclaiming the truth as he saw it, rather than that of a preacher laying down definite rules for the conduct of life. Yet he accepted the responsibility of helping to form public opinion in regard to the general trend of political and social activity. He enriched our store of educational doctrine by insistence on many wise precepts. He exposed the dangers of collectivist tendencies in the organisation of industry, maintaining an uncompromising attitude which would no doubt have been modified under the stress of more recent developments. His most effective influence, however, on the practical side lies in the example he has given of the devotion of a life of unremitting toil to the fulfilment of lofty aims, and of constancy to a great intellectual ideal. Apart from this his most precious gift to his followers is the light he has thrown on the origin and growth of social institutions and ethical ideas. In this sphere he built on well-chosen foundations and the superstructure he reared is as solid as it is imposing.

A. H. BULLEN.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE death of Arthur Henry Bullen removes a unique personality, one which was a glory to English literature. I can think of no one just like him. His scholarship was so much a thing that existed for its own delight. One could not say of him that he was shy, or modest: he was too little conscious for that: I believe that if the world had been empty of people to share with him the fruits of his passionate scholarship he would have gone on gathering just the same. There never was anyone so absorbed in his admirations. I am sure that he could have written poetry like, at least, a lesser Elizabethan. I do not think he ever tried. He was too happy with his gathering. He was born out of his due time, for he was a strayed Elizabethan: the Mermaid Tavern should have known him: he might have sat down by Ben Jonson and asked nothing better in heaven or on earth. He had a wild head of fair hair, and a long, loosely-built figure. You would have looked at him in the street and known him to be of the true Kingdom of Bohemia. He had a careless, fine way of talking. For all that he was ardently and passionately concerned with poetry as the greatest thing in the world, he was first of all a Man. The irony of fate made him a publisher in the early nineties. Nothing could make him a business man and when he ought to have been looking for and publishing the best sellers, he was publishing the Muses' Library and editions de luxe of the classics. He used to say to one of us, flinging back his mane: "What I cannot understand is a classical man like you writing novels." And to the other: "Why do you bother with novels when you can write poetry?"

The publishing did not make money. He was most happily at home during the good year when he edited the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Lord Northcliffe. I doubt if there was ever as good a magazine as that while it lasted. It should be a precious possession to those who own it.

He knew every old inn and Mine Host within walking distance of London, and he knew the inns' history. There was a Mine Host who was known as "The Gaffer": I have heard a pernickity youth say: "Bullen adores the Gaffer, who is really a very dirty old man. I have seen Bullen eat a disgusting mess of tripe and bacon with the Gaffer, washing it down with Brown Burton." Then Bullen's eyes flashed and he began to growl, while he defended the Gaffer and tripe and bacon and Brown Burton as a supper after a long walk.

London must have possessed many things that pleased him, but it should have been fifteenth or sixteenth century London. The later London bemused him with its noise and newness, so that he retired to Stratford-on-Avon, where he printed his edition of Shakespeare and other classical books. Let me recall that there, amid his great printings, he found time for two or three little books of my verse. "I like to publish you," he wrote, concerning the last of my publications with him: "I have just enough paper for a very small edition." He printed, I think, two hundred copies of the little book, "Experiences."

Stratford-on-Avon was his true home, as Oxford or Cambridge would have been three or four hundred years earlier.

I can remember him now as we came out from dining with him one midnight in a February of the later nineties. He lifted his face to the sky, and there came along a wind from the west, bringing the spring: "Oh," he said, "I smell the fields."

I claim him as an Irishman—the Bullens all come from Cork—and his temperament was rather Latin or Celtic than Anglo-Saxon, but he had absorbed English beauty with English poetry at every pore. I like to think of him stepping out, when the last call came, into the very heart of English beauty, and with the young spring about him, "going West," where are all the El Dorados. He had something of the Elizabethan adventurer as he had of the Elizabethan poet and man of letters. When he has entered in at the low door of the last, best Inn, will not Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, Marlowe and Raleigh and Spenser, with his own Campion, spring up to welcome him, with—"Gentlemen, a toast!"

CHARLES M. DOUGHTY.

By JOHN FREEMAN.

I.

LIKE to the "large utterance of the early Gods" is Charles Doughty's voice, and his themes, too, have the large simplicity of primal existence. In his latest book, "Mansoul,"* he undertakes a subject as vast as the subject of "Paradise Lost," and yet contracts it within a very few thousand lines. Extreme spaciousness of conception, extreme concentration of verse—these two characteristics mark "Mansoul" as plainly as any of Doughty's other poems, from "The Dawn in Britain" to "The Titans."

Those who have not read this poetry will yet probably have some acquaintance with "Wanderings in Arabia," the 1908 abridgement of a larger work; and they will understand the devotion which that great prose book has inspired in lovers of our native tongue. It has been called our chief original prose book, and for myself the least I can admit is that it is the greatest English prose work of the nineteenth century. It records Doughty's wanderings in an alien naked land, among alien, stony-hearted nomads, an avowed Nazarene in the midst of bigots no less naked; enduring all things for honour and religion's sake, and by reason of simple endurance drawing a human music from the fanatic breasts. Wonderful is the story of those years-long wanderings: there is a full life, and a full man extending his greatness over the whole narrative; and indeed, as you read, you slowly perceive that the ultimate supremacy of the book, if it lie in one thing rather than in another, is a supremacy of personality. The character of the author emerges with the unconscious, omnipresent artistry of time, and confers its final distinction upon the noble prose. Of that prose a single specimen must suffice:

"The Arab's leave-taking is wonderfully ungracious to the European sense, and austere. The Arab, until now so gentle a companion, will turn his back with stony, strange countenance to leave thee for ever. Also the Arabs speak the last words as they have turned the back; and they pass upon their way not regarding again. This is their national usage, and not of a barbarous inhumanity; nay, it were for thee to speak when any departs company, saying: 'Go in peace.' You have not eaten together, there was nothing then between you why this must take his leave; all men being in their estimation but simple grains, under the Throne of God, of the common seed of humanity. But the guest will say as he goes forth, and having turned his face, with a frank simplicity, *nesellem aleyk*, 'We bid thee peace.' The Arabs are little grateful for the gift which is not food, receive they with never so large a hand; 'So little!' they will say, 'put to, put to'; but the gentler spirits will cry out soon, *bess! wâjed! keffy!* 'enough, there is found, it sufficeth me heartily.'"

* "Mansoul, or the Riddle of the World." By Charles M. Doughty. 7s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Photo by W. & J. Stuart.

Charles M. Doughty, about 1886.

II.

Of the poetry the first and obvious thing to be remarked is that it is almost purely epical, whether you take "epical" in a narrow or generous sense. "The Dawn in Britain" unfolds in six volumes a relation of those persons and actions, myths and circumstances, out of which the modern world was shaped. "Adam Cast Forth," the briefest and simplest of the poems, is exactly described by its title. In "The Cliffs" and "The Clouds," both published before the fatal August of 1914, Doughty foretold with profound psychological divination the German uprising against the world; and then, in "The Titans," he reverted to the antique solitudes in which Titans sought to overthrow the last creation of God. It would be absurd to attempt the further indication of the nature of these poems in the present short notes, but I cannot forbear citing a passage from, say, "The Dawn in Britain," in token of a hundred others equally significant of the delight with which Doughty ponders over the rich simplicities of English landscape:

"Cropping the tender herb, those colts draw forth
With tardy wavering pace. Wend barefoot choirs
Of white-stoled druids all chanting where they trace,
With whom much people which have crowned their heads
With guirlands, and that carol on green grass.
Descends this sacred pomp from shire to shire
By forest Andred, sith by dark Coitmawr;
And come forth all to worship where they trace,
And follow them with hymns and joyous feast.
Unyoked at eve, in sheltered leas, are loost
The sacred steeds to pasture till new sun
Shall mount in the blue oracle of heaven,
Fair as the eyebright flower, full of clear beams.
See how the goddess, Mother of the Year,
Her virgin youth reneweth! late having doffed
Her russet homely weed of winter teen,
She takes new raiment on her, of high tide
With silver knops and buds of living gold.
The earth her garden is wherein she goeth
As Dawn's sweet breath, and all with green bedecks,
And gentle flowers, like a bride-chamber floor.
Teems earth's wide bosom, of much sunny rain
As in what tide the firstlings she brought forth

Of love, in the fair field of a new world.
A shrilling, subtil ferment is abroad
Like harping small of iris-wingéd flies.
Ean ewes in shepherds' pinfolds without throes,
And fallow-beasts couch in the fern."

This that follows may suggest his imaginative vision of vast and solemn things :

" Dark, without stars, in the infinite Universe,
Dismeasured, void is place, which yet no place
But furthest from God's eye. There Satan cast
Of Hell's great frame the baseless fundaments hath.
He laid the plot there greater than the Earth
And strewed with dust and bones of this world's death ;
Wherein who lie, as stumbling-stones and rocks,
Or hang (as lacking sense) like drowsy moths
On walls of burning hell in a death's dream,
Were brutish souls unworthy punishment.
Dim land it is, whose eager, fiery floods
That fall to everlasting sink of brimstone
Were tears, with mingled murder-blood of wars ;
Whose tempests rife were sighs of ages dead.
Children of stature, purblind, without stay,
There wander—lost, unnumbered multitude."

Charles M. Doughty.
From a recent snapshot.

Imagination moves him purely, with little fume of the transitory and commonplace ; yet his verse, even in the most exalted passages, has a naturalness which makes joy familiar ; there is no sense of a clashing of spiritual with substantial ; he removes you as he removes, and you walk by his side in Rome or Avalon, in the first Garden or in the shadowy Underworld, with equal native right.

III.

At the end of " The Dawn in Britain " Doughty has placed a glossary and a note upon the diction, for which perhaps the reader of the foregoing citations has been waiting. He says it is idle to imagine that any man who is not a well-taught lover of his tongue can enter into the Muses' Garden ; and of his own verse he writes, " Its Anglecism, or linguistic horizon, is that nearly of the days of Spenser." But he does not take directly from any writer, and roams through the English language with the rediscovering ardour of an Elizabethan. He loves old words, lost words, and would reanimate a neglectful speech. Poetry for him is human speech :

" 'Mongst human masteries
To what might we compare the skill of such
As travail to bring forth immortal verse,
Whose every chord resoundeth human life
With new Mæonian lofty hardihood."

Difficult as a single page may look, if briefly glanced at, the ease with which the apparent difficulties are absorbed in quick, imaginative delight renders it needless for me to speak further of them now.*

IV.

" Mansoul," to which all this is but an induction, presents the " riddle of the world " without pretending that mortal beings can ever find a solution. It is not a metaphysical poem ; it is profoundly conceived, yet does not contain " thoughts." There is nothing of which you will say, " I have never thought of that," nor on the other hand anything which will evoke, " That is my own thought, newly phrased for me." The riddle is presented in a dream in which the author follows Mansoul (vast figure of the multitude of human souls) through Darkness to inquire wisdom of past ages. Hertha, earth-mother, directs them, and the passage in which the journey begins at her bidding in the Muses' Garden is one of the splendours of modern English poetry :

" The Sister-Muses' garden hence begins
Which planted for delight have their own hands
With laurel-rose, the long caved brinks beside
In purple ranks, and midst the pebble streams.
I ascending forth came to a deep swart pool
Like liquid flint, which partly a mirror sheen
Is else a swimming nap of gracious lilies
Whose buds and chalice-blosms, so purely white,
Be fairies' drinking-cups o'er whose broad leaves
Trip dainty water-fowl on slender feet.
For faeries' gentle Nation wont to send
Thereto a yearly solemn embassade
Which, due obeisance to the Muses made,
Do—humbly embraced their divine knees—entreat
If any fay or elf, by foot or voice,
In the late Moons unwitting have trespassed
Those sacred precincts, pardon. And their vows
Renew, to observe the goddess-Sisters' hests."

It is impossible to quote adequately. Poet and Mansoul pass on to " Hell's tremendous house," meeting successively Zoroaster, Buddha and Confucius ; they enter the Athens of Socrates and hear a fragment of his talk :

" No man knoweth
To what intent Gods made and marred the World,
Nor whether Gods made men, or Man made Gods."

They pass through Palestine, are witnesses of the Crucifixion, and then, by an amazing, breathless transition, are granted a flying glimpse of the modern crucifixion of mankind between 1914 and 1918. Thereafter the

* In my quotations I have ventured to normalise the punctuation, a liberty which author and reader will, I hope, quickly pardon. But I must add that Mr. Doughty's idiosyncrasy in this matter of punctuation ceases to be conspicuous after a few minutes' reading.

dreamer moves into a quieter dream with a new vision of " Britain's Muse " and a snatch of song for Spenser :

" Colin is dead, lies Hobbinol lapt in lead,
And Cuddy is no more ; and long ago
Was Rosalind laid in grave. So shall be we,
And who in Time to come shall emule us
Which yet live, late survivors of his crew,
But shall his heaven-derived, sweet, chivalrous measures
Still breathing grace and happy influence
Continue through World's ages unforgot.'

They meet Saxon Cædmon, " master song-smith," then journey to Stonehenge, and thereby the narrative is thrown back to the Titan age, followed by the faerie age, Doughty's imagination playing over the latter with inimitable tenderness. The last book contains the vision of Mansoul's Dream City, suspended between heaven and earth, with Mansoul himself stating the conclusion of his super-elemental inquiries :

" Child of the Sky and Earth, and featured thus,
Even he who most is happy and fortunate
Fleets like some garish bubble in trembling stream
To be to nothingness resolved anon."

While the poet, passing back to common consciousness from that other consciousness, sees over the Dream City, writ large in everlasting light :

" *Fear ye not little flock ;* and underneath,
Hath not Jeshua said that God is Love ?
Words which abide a Perfume in our hearts."

V.

I suppose it is because of Doughty's unique qualities, as well as his unique obscurities, that so many are unaware of his greatness. We pass under the shadow of that greatness, as men might move under the shadow of a rock, and go on making jewel-butterflies, ignorant of the rock. His work is neglected as Wordsworth's was, but more completely ; as Shelley's was, but less rancorously. And as even with Shelley there are still too few who care most for his boldest attempt and grandest achievement, " Prometheus Unbound," so Doughty's imaginative poetry is neglected by many of those who praise his " Arabia." But time is juster and wiser than any critic or any generation of men, and I am content not to predict.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1920.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

" The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses ; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

Mr. C. E. Jacombe,
whose impressive war book, " Torment " (Andrew Melrose), is reviewed in this Number.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the six best maxims to be given to a young author who is about to write his first book.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Helen Mitcham, cf 251, Burdett Road, Limehouse, E.14, for the following :

LIMEHOUSE MORNING.

The young Day loiters, half afraid,
On every shining roof and tree,
As cool and secret as a maid
Dreaming of love, yet passion free,
And pitiful of Love's quick heats,
Safe in her own wise heart's unhurried beats.

XUM

Last night the ships were ships of doom
That crept along a sullen tide;
The furtive houses in the gloom
Last night had evil things to hide.
Last night the shamèd name of God
From satyrs' mocking mouths was flung;
It smote the darkness like a sword,
And like a shuddering flame it stung.

These ships that ride on the young tide
Are lovely as birds, in mist and flame,
And merry children run and hide
In streets their laughter purges from all shame.

And troops of them, like elves, I know,
With gold light in their matted hair,
And one of them comes dancing slow
—O, wistful, merry face and fair!—
On small bare feet, with arms outflung,
In the sheer nameless grace of being young.

Last night, in all the haunts of sin,
A haggard woman in a kilt
Danced to the bagpipes' weary lilt,
And somewhere an old violin
Quavered and broke in travesty
Of the fine, passionate thing it used to be.

And in this dim and clamorous room,
The swart Celestials sat at meat.
Strange warm scents swam out on the gloom,
And broken songs that once were sweet.
* * * * *
But now each window keeps the sun;
—These things have never been, or are undone!

We also select for printing:

SPRING.

This is the Gate called Beautiful,
But God hath christened it "Spring"
And Earth is here with her silver and gold,
A priceless offering
For the lame and the halt that gather there
And the pitiful blind who grope
With feeble hands in the sorry night
For the robe of the Angel Hope.

This is the Gate called Beautiful,
God's angels passing by
Are Promise and Peace whose healing hands
On each suffering spirit lie,
Silver of joy and gold of love,
Such are their gifts in store
For Life has come to the beautiful Gate
And the world is alight once more.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

DELIGHT.

Spring comes tripping gaily to the merry lute of Pan;
Pale stars deck the hedgerow, there is music in the tree.
Little folk are clanging the clapper of the blue bell,
Silver song is swelling through the halls of Arcady.

Riot routs the silence of the dim and distant valley,
Joy slim-footed dances o'er the moorland, up the hill;
Nymph and pixie gambol in the green and bosky woodland
Pelting one another with the jewels of the rill.

Love and laughter frolic amid the blue of heaven,
Clambering triumphant on a cloud-drawn caravan,
Mirth leads with abandon, swaying to the music,
Spring comes tripping gaily to the merry lute of Pan.

(J. Stanley Stokes, 33, Park Road, Heavitree, Exeter.)

THE HOUSE OF MEMORY.

O little House of Memory!
Upon the sunlit hill.
How gently swayed the apple bloom
About each window sill,
There birds of laughter built their nests,
Joy sprang, a golden flower,
And Peace, that white musician, played
Her harp at sunset hour.

O little House of Memory!
Upon the bleak hill-side,
Whose shattered casements desolate
The anguished winds deride:
Thy birds are fled beyond the storm,
The trees are riven, bare.
O piteous House of Memory!
I dare not enter there.

(Nina M. Cook, 22, Portland Terrace, Sou thampton.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), Alice W. Linford (London, N.), Margaret Bardwell (Kingston-on-Thames), G. Laurence Groom (London, N.), Lucy Malleson (West Kensington), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), L. M. Priest (Norwich), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport), Ronald Graham (Grahamstown), Violet D. Chapman (Paris), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), W. N. Davis (Cardiff), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Southport), M. Merewether (Mayfair), Phyllis E. C. Duce (York), Doris Blezard (Lofthouse), Mariquita Gutiérrez (San Sebastian), A. J. Perman (Merthyr Tydfil), Malcom Hemphrey (Farnborough), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Delphine Stringer (London, S.W.), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.), R. Scott Frayn (Timperley), Arthur R. Taylor (Birmingham), Cicely Nevill (Dunedin, N.Z.), Violet E. Adlard (Balham), Jack Albyn Goad (Ladbroke Grove), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), C. C. M. Wayland (Leytonstone), F. J. Venables (Forest Hill), Beatrice J. Pratt (Wandsworth), A. E. W. (St. Mary Church), Harold Matthews (Handsworth), B. M. May (Farnham), Rita Klyne (Bayswater), C. F. Miles-Cadman (Ecurie, near Arras), Hilda C. Brighouse (Eccles), Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), Kathleen Ida Noble (Whipp's Cross), Rachael Bates (Great Crosby), F. W. Kulicke (Pyrgos, Greece), Frances Evelyn Millett (Manchester), Jane Stuart Binnie (Glasgow), James A. Stark (Kensington), Marguerite S. Goode (Croydon), Phyllis Erica Noble (Forest Rise), Irene Leese (Leamington), Alexander H. Capern (East Sheen), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), W. F. Fry (Southampton), Una Malleson (London, W.), Herbert H. Elvin (Westcliff-on-Sea), H. R. Nichols (Skegness), Faith Hern (Florence, Italy), C. M. Littleboy (Saffron Walden), Charles Davies (Winnipeg), Robert C MacBride (Ballymena), Barbara Drummond (Winchester).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Edward Jackson Macdonald, of 5, Farndon Road, Oxford, for the following:

PRELUDE. BY BEVERLEY NICHOLS.
(Chatto & Windus.)
"I grieve to say, I've winked at him,
And he has winked at me."
Gentle Alice Brown—Bab Ballads.

We also select for printing:

DIRECT ACTION. BY WILLIAM MELLOR.
(Leonard Parsons.)
"Off with his head."
SHAKESPEARE, *Richard III., Act iii., Sc.* 4.
(Annie A. Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

FALLING WATERS. BY WINIFRED GRAHAM.
(Hutchinson.)
"Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes."
LEWIS CARROLL, *The Walrus and the Carpenter.*
(M. A. Lotz, 41, Lingfield Road, Wimbledon Common.)

THE WOMAN WHO HELD ON.
By Fergus Hume. (Ward, Lock.)
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."
Rose H. Thorpe.
(Margaret Kent, Harraby House, South Parade, Northallerton, Yorks.)

SEVEN JOURNEYS. By Dorota Flatau.
(Hutchinson.)
"Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Robert Browning, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin.*
(H. A. J. Martin, 17, Dale Road, Luton.)

RETURNED EMPTY. By Florence Barclay.
(Putnams.)
"Come, fill the cup."
Omar Khayyám.
(Margaret Hill, "Charminster," Highfield Lane, Southampton.)

III.—The Prize of Three New Books for the best inscription for the Edith Cavell monument in Trafalgar Square is awarded to Miss H. Porter, of Donnycarney House, Dublin, for the following:

EDITH CAVELL.

This stone will crumble back to dust,
For Time relentless is, and sure.
Her Faith and Love and Sacrifice
To all Eternity—endure.

We specially commend the inscriptions by F. Roe (Oxford), S. Edith Mort (Colne), Jocelyn Irene Ormsby (Gunnersbury), Jos. B. Eland (Catford), Phyllis M. A. Deards (Harlow), Rev. Arthur T. Gill (West Wittering), Mrs. Guy Branson (Birmingham), Percy Allott (London, W.C.), Ruth Bevan (Bude), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), Kathleen Mounsey (Bath), A. P. Pearson (Halifax), Miss Battye (Windsor Castle), Mary J. Machar (Castle Eden), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), N. Cooper (Putney), E. E. Garnett (Peckham Rye), Gladys Birnie Rhind (Harlow), Alice Andrew (Gainsborough), Robert C. Bodker (Streatham Hill), E. Olive Brown (Highbury), Edith Walton (Leeds), Elgar Owen (Muswell Hill), X. Y. Z. (Croydon), Frank Woolnough (Ipswich), Harriet Mary Fletcher (Barnes), Jennie Raines (South Shields), Winifred Bates (Bridport), Amy Peacock (King's Lynn).

IV.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mrs. Grace G. Webb, of Gordon House, Southam, Warwickshire, for the following:

HOMING WITH THE BIRDS.
By Gene Stratton-Porter. (John Murray.)

A fascinating record of a life spent among birds in America! It is both beautifully written and beautifully illustrated, the photographs, many quite unique, being all the author's own work. A lover of birds, she invests each little "bird character" with an irresistible attraction. Who would not love the owl which could be "called" into the kitchen at night or the robin which nearly starved to save her eggs in a deluge? But not only is it a mine of information about individual birds; it is also a book to turn to for that spiritual refreshment which Nature always gives.

We also select for printing:

THE HOUSE OF BALTAZAR. By William J. Locke.
(The Bodley Head.)

That anyone could have existed in ignorance of the war for two years seems impossible. It says much for Mr. Locke's art that he has made that impulsive genius, John Baltazar, a credible, as well as a lovable, figure. We follow his fortunes with keenest interest as—a German bomb having destroyed his life's work, and driven him back to the world of action—he sets about the winning of his newly discovered son, his old sweetheart, position and power. We leave him with characteristic impulsiveness sacrificing the last to shield his son, and voluntarily exiling himself again.

(B. Noël Saxelby, 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.)

PRELUDE. By Beverley Nichols.
(Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Beverley Nichols has a rare gift, the glowing spirit which gives life and force to platitudes. His story of English public school life contains all the traditional ingredients, even to superb Grecian running on the part of the hero, an attractive personality, lovable as a second edition of Rupert Brooke, but is told with such gentle appreciation of a boy's ideals and difficulties that a certain crudity of workmanship is easily condoned, while the interpolated criticisms of similar productions show a sense of humour and a sanity of outlook which are sometimes lacking among youthful reformers.

(H. G. L. John, 6, Bayley Street, Bedford Square, W.C.1.)

THE ANCIENT ALLAN. By H. Rider Haggard.
(Cassell.)

"The Ancient Allan" relates another of the remarkable adventures of Allan Quatermain. The story opens in modern England; but Allan and his old friend Lady Ragnall having inhaled the perfume of an African herb of marvellous properties, the scene shifts to the Egypt of the Pharaohs, where Allan, now incarnated as Shabaka, and Lady Ragnall as the Royal Lady Amada, live over again their former life and love. The story goes with a swing, and there is plenty of incident, but it would have gained considerably had more attention been paid to the character drawing which is decidedly sketchy.

(Margaret Wakefield, Risbygate, Bury St. Edmunds.)

HEALTH IN THE HOME.
By Dr. A. Knyvett Gordon. (Jarrolds.)

At the present perhaps more than at any time "Health in the Home" is a welcome addition to the literature on this important subject. It is a thoroughly practical work, devoid of all technicalities, which are so often found in a work of this kind from the pen of a doctor. It is a book that may be read by the average householder and from which he will derive information that is of use in his own home, and will make him take a deeper interest in this particular branch of the work of the municipality and also of the State.

(C. Raimes, A.R.S.Inst., Sanitary Inspector, "Weynoake," Albury Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by Katharine Hawksley (Tenby), Beatrice Mainwaring (Whitmore), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Florence G. Fidler (London, W.), J. Scott (Cheltenham), D. Hare (Torquay), M. W. Spencer (Bradford), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), G. M. Field (London, S.W.), Ethel Webster (Bristol), Margaret Wakefield (Bury St. Edmunds), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey), W. H. Hunt (Bury St. Edmunds), Dorothy Hurst (Wolverhampton), Herbert S. Townsend (Staveley), Emily Lewis (Mansfield), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), M. C. Haywood (Truro), M. E. Burtt (York), Winifred Bates (Bridport), Mildred Hammond (Buxton), Marjorie Eardley (Boston Spa), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), John McIlraith (Cardross), E. Dawson (Liverpool), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Mrs. Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Edith E. Hall (Eastbourne), Margery G. Turner (Windsor), Winifred M. Davies (Brynmawr), Dora G. Hall (Folkestone), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Leslie Harrison (Barnes), Sybil Sandeman (London, S.W.), D. W. Beckley (Harpenden).

V.—The Prize of One Year's subscription to The Bookman is awarded to M. H. Jones, 96, Willows Road, Cannon Hill, Birmingham.

XUM

GENERAL BOOTH'S BIOGRAPHY.*

By JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.Litt.

ENGLISH Christianity during the Victorian era threw up two vivid religious movements, Tractarianism and the Salvation Army. Our wise century has been tempted to underrate the Victorians, as the nineteenth century occasionally underrated the eighteenth; but the Oxford Movement and the Salvation Army upset any neat theories about Victorian religion being a merely conventional attitude. Mr. Begbie has not attempted to write a history of the Army. Yet the Army was so conspicuously the work of a personality that these volumes throw light upon the organisation as well as upon its leader. Even the career of Mr. Booth, before he founded his Army, is an important clue to the meaning of his later work and of the form into which his masterful genius cast it.

He was the son of a lace-manufacturer in Nottingham. "My father," he once said, "was a Grab-and-Get. He had been born in poverty. He determined to grow rich; and he did. He grew very rich, because he lived without God and simply worked for money; and when he lost it all, his heart broke with it, and he died miserably." Young Booth's childhood fell in the last stage of his unfortunate father's career. Apparently he was a wild, high-spirited boy, but his home-life was unhappy, and it irritated him to become a pawnbroker's assistant. The family downfall hurt his pride; the sordid side of his occupation embittered him; he was lonely and hardworked, trying to support his mother and sisters. The Chartist movement appealed to his discontented soul. But he was to pass beyond social propaganda, and his genuine sympathy with the poor soon flowed into a definitely religious channel. His first religious impressions were due to some Wesleyans. They drew him away from his conventional attendance at the Church of England. His conversion led to an eager participation in open-air preaching of the revivalist type in the slums of Nottingham. And this proved too unconventional for the respectable Methodists. Even when he moved to London, to carry on his business, combining it with open-air preaching, and even when he was persuaded to study for the ministry of the Methodist New Connexion, he could not settle inside Methodism. His fiery revival methods were too violent. The Primitive Methodists accepted his resignation in 1862. It is needless to recall the unfortunate series of misunderstandings. The Salvation Army was not started till 1878, but this was the outcome of a series of independent revivalist campaigns conducted in London and the provinces, whose watchwords were "Holiness" and "Conversion." Mr. Begbie points out that during this interval "William Booth was strongly inclining towards Holiness, was thinking rather about the making of saints than the conversion of sinners." The emphasis on holiness never left him, but the intense desire to waken torpid England to a sense of sin swept him into the organisation of a "Salvation Army," alive with religious passion and cheerfulness, indifferent to decorum and reserve, bent upon storming the citadels of vice and squalor in England, and bound together by an equivalent for the mediæval monastic vows of poverty, chastity and obedience.

The success of the Army was accompanied by fierce criticism of its methods, from the religious as well as from the secular public. The General himself had to meet attacks upon his honesty, as well as upon the wisdom of his efforts. These were sometimes damaging, although the General himself could not be charged with self-seeking. He had the true note of a great reformer, an absence of any love for money. But the criticisms of men like Huxley and Tyndall had their effect.

In 1888 the social phase began. The Army had been in the forefront of the battle for social purity and temperance; but now Booth published "In Darkest England," and started a campaign for social reform. Not that he ever abandoned the rôle of evangelist. The revivalist aims and methods of the Army continued as before. Only, its scope was broadened. The scheme did not produce as much fruit as the General hoped, however; it was more valuable as an impetus to quicken the conscience than as a guide to social reform.

All this vast organisation, with its ramified interests, was under his personal supervision till he died in 1912. The biography leaves an impression of extraordinary personal force in the General, a combination of narrow theology and broad human interests, a power of managing people, a capacity for not only rousing but directing enthusiasm, and a faculty of decision. "He had upon his hands," says his biographer, "a work of gigantic magnitude, and after a long and grievous experience of committees, he determined in middle-age—encouraged by the most able and devoted of his followers—to make himself an autocrat." However

The Rev. William and Catherine Booth (1860).
From "Life of William Booth" (Macmillan).

* "William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army." By Harold Begbie. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Macmillan.)

necessary this was for the success of his work, it had its defects and drawbacks, which appeared both in the Army and in the General himself. But there does not seem to be any evidence to show that his autocracy led him to favour his own family, or to violate the rules and regulations which he had laid down for the Army as a whole.

But the autocrat was human. The love-letters which he and his wife wrote are a human document of singular interest. Mrs. Booth's services to the Salvation Army have been recognised, ever since her biography was written, but this life of her husband suggests that in almost everything except the name she was the real founder of the Salvation Army. Women have rarely initiated great religious movements, and only a humorist would bracket Mrs. Eddy and Mrs. Booth. But Catherine Mumford's influence counted for more with William Booth than most outsiders suspected. She was never strong in physique, but her mind was keener than her husband's, and her judgment was excellent. Her belief in him and his devotion to her are shining traits of their story. Each influenced the other, and their heroic struggles to bring up their family on a scanty income and to carry on at the same time an exhausting revival mission are more fascinating even than the domestic story of Luther and his Kate.

General Booth in his Study.
From "Life of William Booth" (Macmillan).

The General was not a book-man, not even as Wesley was. Literature appears to have been for him a recreation rather than a source of inspiration. But it is surprising that he had no liking for Dickens, with his interest in the poor. He found Dickens "intolerable," Mr. Begbie remarks. But "he had well-nigh unbounded admiration for 'Les Misérables' and 'Jane Eyre.' . . . And in early youth he found a new world opening before his vision in the romances of Sir Walter Scott, to which he returned in middle life. . . . He was never tired of reading Froude's 'Cæsar.'"

Apart from the sustained interest of the man's career, these volumes give many instances of his intercourse with men, whom he read more eagerly than books. He once told Mr. Winston Churchill that he was convicted, not converted; and, when the politician "added something about my seeing what was in him . . . I replied, 'What I am most concerned about is not what is in you at the present, but (what) I can see of the possibilities of the future.'" He was impressed by King Edward. "I had come to expect a selfish, sensuous personage. . . . And all at once the embodiment of a simple, genial English gentleman was sprung upon me. No attempt to pose as an intellectual philanthropist, much less religious; indeed, no attempt to pose at all: anything more natural could not be imagined." When King Edward asked him in the course of the interview, "Tell me, General, how do you get on now with the Churches? What is their attitude to you?" he made the King laugh by answering, "Sir, they imitate me." But the essence of his Salvation Army methods is contained in these sentences from his speech when he received the Freedom of London in 1905. He was speaking of a besieged town's experiences during the Boer War. "Money, food, and other things were got together, but difficulty was experienced in distributing them satisfactorily. At last the Episcopalian clergyman got up and said, 'All who belong to my communion, follow me.' The Methodist, Baptist, and Congregationalist said, 'All who come to my chapel follow me.' And I have no doubt the minister of the Society of Friends, if there was one, said the same. Then the Salvation Army Captain's turn came. He said, 'All you chaps who belong to nobody, follow me.'"

Mr. Begbie's volumes are long and large. There is some repetition in them, and the difficult art of using letters has not been mastered. On the other hand, the evident sympathy is tempered with candour. There is occasionally a tendency to point the moral, but for the most part the General is left to tell his own story; his journals are freely drawn upon, and the contemporary

background is not over-elaborated, except in the opening chapter. The biography reveals one of the most arresting and independent religious personalities of last century. It is diffuse, but the arrangement is clear, and the successive phases are distinctly marked.

CHARLES GARVICE.

BY ANTHONY C. DEANE.

ALL who knew him well must have been discontent, I think, with the "obituary notices" of the newspapers. These appraisements varied in length, yet their common verdict may be compressed into two sentences—he wrote vast quantities of inconsiderable fiction which strangely charmed the multitude; in private life he was pleasant and companionable. Though they be true, other sentences must be added if we are to do justice to the memory of Charles Garvice.

His success was colossal, and often stirred the scorn of those who account fiction an art. But Garvice did not attempt to practise it merely as an art. He knew precisely what he could do; he did it year after year with unfaltering precision. His sound business instinct adjudged it folly to desert methods of proven success, to attempt fiction of a kind which certainly his public was unprepared to read. His unquestionable claim was to be in the forefront of the best sellers. If he contributed little to art, he added much to human pleasure, and took an honest pride in the fact. For a fact it is, beyond denial. His novels held an incommunicable secret. Into millions of drab lives they brought romance, and colour, and innocent delight. This boon Garvice wrought: it is not small.

And no man was better liked by his fellow-authors. Many scoffed at his work; some (with a private glance, perhaps, at the contrasting slenderness of their own takings) found in his success their favourite proof of the public's imbecility. Even they, however, were driven to esteem the man. Did they try to be offensive, he refused to take offence. He was a pattern of genial good temper. In proportion as he differed from the average man of letters, he was exempt from the weaknesses of the literary temperament. Because he was a successful business man, he was notably qualified to help men of letters. And because he had the kindest of hearts, the most generous of natures, he used that power without stint.

He loved to say encouraging words, and to cheer those who were downcast by private grief or professional failure. But his help went far beyond words. It was amazingly thorough. Though his time, quite literally, was money, he would take up some detail of management at the Authors' Club as though nothing else in the world concerned him. Until his death he served on the committee of the Society of Authors, and, speaking as its present Chairman, I can scarce exaggerate his interest in its work or the value of his counsel. But, beyond all else, his eagerness was to assist writers who had fallen on evil days. Chancing to have been much in his confidence over such matters, I can betray little of what he did. Yet I will outline one instance, not the least poignant. A person (let the sex be hidden by that word), who not long before had done Garvice a grave and public wrong, met with misfortune. From Garvice came to me a letter offering most substantial help; my part was to secure the acceptance of the gift and to keep its source unsuspected. . . . There are of us who, when our own time of passing comes, would rather have such deeds as this to our credit than be the applauded masters of literary art.

PRAISE.

Let me but praise Thee as a wild bird may,
Who breaks the hush of mystic dawn; alone
He warbles, while with dew-anointed feet
Through the cool meadows, down the dusty street,
Comes Thy white priest, the Day.

As in the growing light Thy warbler soars—
Nor doubts Thy love, but only lives to praise—
Enraptured still he sings, is ever led
By the first sunbeam's slender, shining thread,
Higher and higher unto Heaven's doors!

As the wild bird, exuberant as he,
In the pure morning, would I worship Thee.

MURIEL ESSE.

New Books.

INTERPRETATIONS OF FRENCH LITERATURE.*

Here are two new books to bear witness to the extraordinary interest in French literature which is at present being shown on this side of the Channel. One of them is meant primarily for readers ignorant of the French language; the other may also be read with profit and pleasure by such, but will have more for those who can turn from it to the novels and poems of which it treats.

Mr. Wilfrid Thorley has undertaken a very ambitious and difficult task—no less than to give, by means of verse translations, a view of the whole range of French lyric poetry from the early anonymous folk-song down to the latest product of symbolism. (He does not go beyond the symbolists: there are no versions in his book from Claudel or Jammes or Jules Romains.) On the whole, he has succeeded wonderfully well in his adventure. Not only are his translations made with the pleasant appearance of ease of the practised versifier, but to run through his book does give one very approximately the same sensation as one gets from a similar perusal of the "Oxford Book of French Poetry," or Professor Saintsbury's smaller but almost perfectly chosen "French Lyrics." Mr. Thorley's own selection is admirable. Naturally, in a selection of three hundred poems from a whole literature, there are names and individual favourite pieces that one misses. Among the eighteenth century epigrammatists, for instance, while specimens of the work of J. B. Rousseau, Voltaire and Parny are included, there is nothing of Gresset's or Piron's. In the most modern section there is nothing by Jules Laforgue or the Comtesse de Noailles. But perhaps the most remarkable absentee of all is Verhaeren; and this is not to be explained by the fact that he was not a Frenchman but a Belgian, for Rodenbach, Maeterlinck, Van Lerberghe and Le Roy are all here.

Mr. Thorley aims, as does any translator worth his salt, at giving a spiritual equivalent rather than a literal rendering of his originals. For the earlier poems he uses a contemporary idiom, remaking a folk-song in the fashion of the "Twa Corbies" and turning Ronsard and Du Bellay into Elizabethans. Perhaps it was unnecessary to affect an antique spelling; we nearly always read Herrick or Campion in modernised versions, and are sensible of little loss in doing so; but on the whole Mr. Thorley is perhaps at his best with the delicious songs and sonnets of the Pleïade. His version of Du Bellay's exquisite "D'un Vanneur de Blêd aux Vents" shows him at his happiest:

"To you light troupe that ryde
On movynge wings and glyde
Above the world and slake it,
And with your murmur soft
Move the green shade and oft
With gentle tremors shake it—

"For you I violets cull,
And flowers beautiful,
These roses and these lilies,—
These roses all soe red
And newly openéd,
These pinks and daffodillies.

"Nowe with your gentle breath
Breathe on the plaine beneath,
And lightly fan this meadowe,
Whyle I doe sweat and straine,
At threshynge of my graine,
And noon is without shadowe."

Mme. Duclaux has three qualifications for writing a book on contemporary French literature. She knows that literature in and out; she knows many of the men and women who have made it; and she has an intimate knowledge of the land which gives it its body, its background and its atmosphere. Perhaps the second of these qualifications is not altogether an advantage from the point of view of pure criticism, but it lends a humanity to her pages which to most readers will be worth far more than the finest flower of detached scholarship. And Mme. Duclaux, for all her learning in more than one literature, is humanist rather than scientist. Hence her sympathy—though a mind long nourished on Fénelon and Renan cannot but confess to a certain revolt against the more anarchic manifestations of the modern spirit—hence her sympathy with the most salient characteristics of that spirit, its revolt against intellectualism, as expressed alike by the Catholicism of Claudel and by the intuitionism of Bergson. She does not, however, seem quite to realise—at any rate she does not emphasise the point—that this revolt is itself fundamentally intellectual. The Catholicism of Barrès (as of Chesterton) is part of his politics; and even with Claudel, though his preoccupations are more exclusively religious, one cannot help feeling that his religion is consequent on his general view of life, instead of his view of life being derived from his religion. Jammes is a more doubtful case, though his too consciously preserved simplicity is suspicious, and Péguy and Psichari may have been genuine mystics; but the arrogance of Psichari's imperialism, which is really as crude as Kipling's and less genial, is not essentially ameliorated by the crusader's cloak. As for the non-sectarian intuitionists, with the

Photo by Dornac.

Maurice Barrès,

From "Twentieth Century French Writers" (Collins).

* "Fleurs-de-Lys." By Wilfrid Thorley. 6s. net. (Heinemann.) — "Twentieth Century French Writers." By Madame Duclaux. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

tumbling of Romain Rolland from his pedestal it may well be that the reaction is already at hand. At any rate one may take it for certain that M. Benda's corrosive acid will ere long be seconded by less gradual methods of attack. For the intelligence of France will not consent to stultify itself indefinitely.

But such speculations lead one far from the spirit of Mme. Duclaux's charming essays, than which it is to be doubted whether there is any more attractive commentary, either in English or in French, on their fascinating and provocative theme; and in which the hieratic Claudel is balanced by Mme. Colette, and the rapt Péguy by the friendly talent of René Boylesve.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

BOOKS AND THEIR WRITERS.*

There are so many bright young men talking about books just now, and so many clever books to talk about, that we wonder why one of them, rather than others, has put his thoughts into a volume, how he has chosen which authors to appreciate, and that a publisher should have the courage to print it; but Mr. Grant Richards is nothing if not courageous.

Nearly all modern, or at any rate all contemporary, criticism is simply ardent appreciation. It is the fashion to-day to affirm that all we need examine in literature is what the author means, how successfully he has expressed himself. Nothing else matters. The ideal of writing is to have something to say.

Mr. Mais, at any rate, is quite content to act as interpreter. He is immensely interested, and rather curious, about other people's ideas, their points of view, their enthusiasms and their dislikes. Though mainly concerned with his own friends, the young men and women of the new England, he makes occasional discursions into old times and foreign lands, giving us an impression or two from China and Japan, chatting pleasantly about the Victorians, and discovering Jane Austen!

In many ways the extreme *naïveté* of his startled determination to revise his "method of reading" "Pride and Prejudice" may lay more claim to suggestive originality than anything else in the book. He "had read too fast"; so he decided "to find out exactly where her power lay," and, further, to tell every one else all about it. He does not, it is true, say anything particularly new on the subject; but he does feel, and express, the charm of her genius with a sincerity and insight that is refreshing. We welcome first-hand impressions about Jane Austen;—the keen enjoyment of one nurtured on Wells, Shaw and G. K. Chesterton who can so thoroughly adjust his mind to a new angle, and so frankly enjoy an old-world classic.

For the rest, Mr. Mais has given us a number of "elegant extracts" from many novelists and poets of our own day, with excursions into the last generation, which reveal much catholicity of taste and quite serious sincerity. That is to say, he does select, or differentiate, between what, in his judgment, is good and what is bad; which means (for him as for most young writers) what he enjoys or agrees with, and what does not appeal to him.

The enthusiasm for Dora Sigerson will find an echo in many readers; he has done well to invite our attention to Lafcadio Hearn's illuminating reflections on English literature—as it appeals to a cultured Japanese; while the contemporary novelists and poets he finds "elect" are, in fact, all worthy of study. His own comments are interesting and reveal certain, unexpected discrimination: and he is evidently well read, as intimately at home with Georgian poetry as with Georgian fiction; not at sea among the Victorians. Some, perhaps, will be particularly attracted by the new light thrown on Florence Nightingale and General Gordon which he has culled, and vigorously reproduced, from Mr. Lytton Strachey, while accepting with no less cordiality his indignation over Gerald Cumberland's "Set Down in Malice": "It certainly satisfies a craving that we all feel to know something about our more famous contemporaries, but I cannot, for the life of me, think why he should search for something nasty to say about most of them."

This is not criticism but, like the other essays, it has a certain charm of cultured sincerity. Mr. Mais, indeed, is always easy to read; he has a good stock of ideas, and gaily refreshes one's memory about writers and books one has enjoyed, which are, most of them, worth reperusal.

"Books and their Writers," in fact, is a helpful, light-hearted guide to modern literature, at least to certain fruitful fields thereof. It will serve, admirably, to keep one in touch with much that the most thoughtful and gifted of the young school (both men and women) are really feeling and thinking about; how they have chosen to express their thought.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

* "Books and their Writers." By S. P. B. Mais. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

AN AMERICAN POET.*

It would be easy to name a score or more of living American novelists whose books are as popular on this side of the Atlantic as they are on their own. But in spite of the facts that poetry has of late come into high favour among us and that America is as rich in new writers of verse as we are ourselves, the number of present-day American poets who have any vogue in this country could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. We know something of Robert Frost, perhaps because he was living here and temporarily one of us when Mr. Elkin Mathews published his first book; the satirical "Spoon River Anthology" of Edgar Lee Masters took us by storm; some of us admire Amy Lowell; most of us know one of Edwin Markham's poems—"The Man With the Hoe"; the war brought us acquainted with Alan Seeger and Joyce Kilmer; and we are aware of the brilliant eccentricities of Vachel Lindsay; but I doubt whether any living American poets have other than an occasional public in England except Henry Van Dyke and Cale Young Rice.

You have only to read Professor Phelps's admirable and very interesting survey of "The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century" to learn how many more American poets there are who, in America, count as the peers of the few I have mentioned, yet half of them are unknown over here even by name. One refreshing characteristic of Dr. Phelps is that he is a critic who speaks his mind, and does not stop to consider whether or not he is "in the movement," whatever it may be. He says some good and right things about Hardy, but they are not all praise; he can appreciate Kipling and Watson, Noyes and Masefield; he passes in review all the more significant of our latter-day poets, with some who are rather insignificant, and his pages are everywhere alive with his own keen interest in his subject.

The American section of his book particularly attracts me, for here again he writes with such catholic taste and discrimination of the American poets I know that I am ready to accept his judgments on those I don't know. I have read Cale Young Rice's successive volumes as they appeared in this country, and have been re-reading his work in the two handsome volumes into which all the poetry he published before 1917 has been collected. With variations of phrase Mr. Rice has been described by critics here and over the water as "the most distinguished master of lyric utterance in the New World," and you find Professor Phelps ranking him higher as a lyrist than as a dramatist, and saying:

* "Collected Plays and Poems." By Cale Young Rice. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. net each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century." By William Lyon Phelps. 6s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

"His songs are spontaneous, not manufactured. He is a natural singer with such facility that it is rather surprising that the average of his work is so good. A man who writes so much ought, one would think, to be more often than not, commonplace; but the fact is that most of his poems could not be turned into prose without losing their life."

He bears testimony to his wide range and variety in subject, and considers that, when all is said, his poems have "limitations rather than faults."

Well, the poet without limitations has yet to be born, and I find myself, on the whole, agreeing with Professor Phelps, though I think he does less than justice to Mr. Rice's dramatic genius. Certainly his finest work is in his lyrics, and the sheer, spontaneous lyrical note sounds in such things as "Waves":

"The evening sails come home
With twilight in their wings. . . ."

in "Highland Joy," that rises to its rapturous close:

"O winds, O waters, O mountains,
O earth with your singing sod,
I'm glad of the weather
That brings together
My heart and the heart of God!"

in scores of songs that have the art of seeming artless and are filled with the happiness and pathos, the sweetness and sadness of common life, and in none with more charm and grace of fancy than in those addressed to "A. H. R." But such poems as "Telepathy," "Civil War," "The Wife of Judas Iscariot," are at once essentially lyrical and as vividly, often as bizarrely dramatic as any of his plays. And as a playwright he is in the great Elizabethan tradition. He has the real gift of story-telling, and, without his extravagances and incoherences of plot, has something of Webster's grim imaginative power and his leaning towards strange tragedy and dark poignancy of phrase. Of the nine plays in these volumes I would rank highest "Charles di Tocca" and "Porzia." If any poetic drama is being written in America that surpasses these and the rest of his dramatic work, I have not seen it, nor does Professor Phelps bring it to our notice.

But as Mr. Rice's lyrics have a dramatic so his dramas have a lyrical quality, and you come back to repeat that before everything else he is a singer, a born maker of songs. His songs are of many countries and are by turns descriptive, reflective, dramatic, but their prevailing elements are an intense feeling for humanity, a sense of beauty and that touch of emotion without which all poetical technique is a vain thing, and though he lays bare at times the darker secrets of the human heart, its weaknesses, its blind passions, I think, in the main, he realises the aspiration embodied in the last lines of "The Soul's Return":

"I ask no more
Than to restore
To simple things the wonder they have lost."

Mr. Rice has published three volumes since this collection of his work was made: "Wraiths and Realities," "Trails Sunward" and "Earth and New Earth," and, if confirmation were needed, these serve to confirm the judgment of those critics who have named him the first and most distinctive of modern American lyrists and "one of the world's true poets."

F. HEATH.

Mr. Cale Young Rice.

TWO VICTORIANS.*

It is nearly sixty years since the first story of Anne Isabella Thackeray, "The Story of Elizabeth," appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, then edited by her father. A pretty story has been related about this little tale. Thackeray was reading the proofs when Dean Hole was shown in, and the great man passed them to his visitor, saying that this was his girl's first story and that already she wrote better than he did. Although the Dean tacitly declined to accept the judgment of the proud father, he was none the less able to speak appreciatively of the work of the young writer. After that, Lady Ritchie wrote many novels and short stories, which secured deservedly a wide public. They are dainty, full of charming touches and most delicately written, but it must be confessed that it is doubtful whether any of them will survive. Certainly they cannot bear comparison with, for instance, Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" or "Cousin Phyllis" nor with the Carlingford series of Mrs. Oliphant.

Lady Ritchie, in spite of the fact that she was not a novelist of high rank, had nevertheless a very pretty talent. She was at her best when she was writing vignettes of people and things she knew. Such volumes as "Unwritten Memoirs," "Reminiscences of Tennyson, Browning and Ruskin," "The Blackstick Papers" and "Under the Porch," together with the present collection of miscellanies, have a great attraction. When the author was not bound to any line of action by a plot, and could allow her agile mind to follow its bent, then she wrote very delightfully indeed, in a simple and singularly charming style—indeed, that style was one of her greatest assets. There is an ease about it that suggests the master. No one in her day could more convincingly portray a friend, nor better relate an anecdote, nor better conjure up an atmosphere. We are indebted to Miss Emily Ritchie for collecting these miscellaneous papers of her sister-in-law, Lady Ritchie. It is a quaint and delightful volume. There is a pleasant story, "Binnie," redolent of the Victorian era; there are letters from Thackeray written to Frank Stone in 1835 and 1837 from Paris, and letters written by "J. G. R." to Lady Ritchie so late as the recent Armistice; and throughout the book are references to Tennyson, Leighton, Mrs. Kemble, Mrs. Sartoris, and the rest of a brilliant set, of which Lady Ritchie was the last to depart at a ripe old age, lamented by a wide circle. To the end she retained her simplicity of mind and her dignity and that air of distinction which were among her charms. In her writings she was always the high-bred lady that she was in life: nowhere in her essays is there a note of petulance or superiority. Once there was a controversy about a certain

* "From Friend to Friend." By Lady Ritchie. Edited by her Sister-in-law, Mrs. Emily Ritchie. With a Portrait. 6s. net. (John Murray.)—"Victorian Recollections." By J. A. Bridges. 7s. 6d. net. (Bell.)

chapter of "The Virginians." A story was given currency long after Thackeray's death that some American friend had written for him this descriptive chapter. The story was printed in several quarters and at last came to Lady Ritchie's ears. Her reply was gentle but crushing. She was sure her father wrote it because he would not have signed anything he did not write—and because no one else could have written it. Her father's reputation could scarcely be enhanced, but her filial devotion cherished it tenderly, almost zealously. She wrote of him lovingly in many a paper. From time to time she issued little sketches and drawings found among his papers. Best of all she issued an edition of his works and wrote the daintiest, most delicious biographical introductions conceivable.

Mr. Bridges' "Victorian Recollections" is a rambling, discursive, but very readable and entertaining volume of memories. The author not unnaturally holds a brief for the Victorian era, an attitude that befits one who was born four years before Queen Victoria. "It has become the fashion for writers in the Press and elsewhere to allude to what they term the Victorian era in terms of acute disparagement, as if all the happenings of that prolonged reign were utterly futile and absurd. I think that these critics might have been charitable enough to remember our disadvantages," Mr. Bridges pleads. As a matter of fact, only a certain class of critic sneers at the Victorian era; no literary writer certainly has a harsh word for an epoch which started with Thackeray and Dickens and ended with Swinburne and Meredith. We have here sketches of bishops and schoolmasters and country editors, and something about the Navy and the Army, in which last the author served during the Crimean War. An interesting account is given of recruiting in those days, and a chapter is given to Victorian electioneering. We have something of a private school and something about Eton in the forties, and more about farming and those plagues of the farmer, rats and rabbits. We gather that Mr. Bridges is not a strong advocate of the equality of man and woman, but on this, as on all other subjects upon which he touches, he writes with moderation.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

TORMENT.*

This is a remarkable book. Without the least attempt at sensationalism, or straining after effect, and in spite of a little clumsiness of phraseology, Ex-Lance-Corporal Jacomb, of the 23rd Royal Fusiliers, here gives us a piece of autobiography which, if it were not so disturbing, would positively enthral. The commonest details of his daily round of army drudgery he crams in, page after page, and yet we never tire of them or feel that they are overburdening the narrative. Probably the obvious sincerity of the author, and his scrupulous attempt to be honest and fair, largely explain the grip he keeps on our attention. But the cumulative effect of these humdrum or poignant trifles and tragedies is positively appalling, for such a condemnation, such an indictment against our army system, and that by one of its humblest units, we never expected to read. Here we have an imaginative, ardently patriotic and well educated man, who throws up all his business prospects and comes to England from the other end of the world to help fight for his country and, wherever he turns, he finds outworn and obsolete systems, hopeless red-tape methods and ridiculous prejudices blocking the path of the would-be worker and fighter. In the course of his narrative the author gives his experiences in a War Office Department, and a vivid description of English hospitals, a Command Depot, and a Reserve Battalion, but the bulk of the book, and the most important, is devoted to life on active service in France. And what a life! The inevitable danger and discomfort were intensified and made almost unbearable by the cruelties, the idiocies, and the utter lack of sympathetic imagination inherent in the army system. "Neither results nor usefulness is looked for, intelligence is not encouraged. The only virtues recognised are agility in forming fours, clean buttons, and a smart regimental salute." As an example we are given descriptions of certain fatigues. "If the work in hand required a broom, we were given a pitchfork; if a pitchfork had been the most suitable tool, we were given a navvy's shovel." And this is but the flimsiest part of the author's case. Perhaps the worst part of all is his remarks on the relations existing between the officers and the men; but here again the system is to blame and not the officers. If we had a strong national sense of justice, the publication of this "Study in Patriotism" could not be ignored; it would result either in the imprisonment of the author for slander, or the reform of the entire army system of this country.

R. K.

* "Torment." By C. E. Jacomb. 6s. net. (Melrose.)

THE CLINTON TRADITION.*

The process of desaturation, as Henry James called it, answers well in more than one line of fiction. Mr. Marshall has pursued it so well in his stories of English manorial life that it seems the most natural process in the world. You steep yourself full of fine old trees and tradition, the affection of contented tenants, the charms and talents of a prolific family, and the wealth required to pass the secret and the succession on, and then unload it easily into a dozen novels as fresh and exhilarating as a fine spring morning. Sometimes the reader's ungrateful heart longs, not in vain, for a break in the unruffled continuity of sheltered leisure and well-fed serenity. Cicely, an otherwise irreproachable young person, tries an elopement to vary the monotony of life at Kencote; on another occasion, her eldest brother fixes his affections on a widow with a footlit past. But these little escapades are just a hurdle or a hazard set into the game to make it more zesty and attractive. Otherwise there would be less occasion for parental autocracy in the Squire and filial ingenuity in his heir, or maternal benignity in the way of mediation, to illustrate what a really superior race the Clintons are, of Kencote in South Meadshire, and goodness knows how many generations back. Even the nursery twins at Kencote have a blither "cheek" than twins of common clay; and even the old maids of the family maintain a sublime complacency denied to spinsters otherwhere. For instance, as Aunt Laura puts it about the Squire:

> "There is nobody quicker at seeing a thing than your dear father, Cicely. He spoke very kindly about it. He said we must all die some time or other, which is perfectly true, but that if your Aunt Ellen did not live to be a hundred he should never forgive her. He is like your dear Aunt Caroline in that; he is always one to look on the bright side of things."

When Mr. Marshall makes an attempt at "period," as in "The Clintons and Others," and takes us back to the Regency time, for the sake of running atilt at Beau Clinton, the buck and profligate, the result is less convincing. The worthy merchant brother who up and denounces him does his upbraiding well and deserves his win, but we know too much about the Prince Regent and his ways on nights of dice and drink to believe him capable of playing a just and enlightened arbiter, especially between one of his own bosom cronies and a plain-spoken business man. The other stories in the book reveal Mr. Marshall's agreeable vein of healthy and effortless worldliness relieved by sport and good living and the rest of it; and the last tale of all brings the annals of the Clinton household down to the end of the war. Mr. Marshall knows the life and the type of character he depicts with extraordinary intimacy—he has evolved the Clinton type through several books with the subtlest art and the most complete understanding of its essentially English quality. It is in every way worthy of an agreeable and enlightened chronicler; it

* "The Squire's Daughter" and "The Eldest Son." By Archibald Marshall. 2s. 6d. net each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Clintons and Others." By Archibald Marshall. 7s. net. (Collins.)

Mr. Archibald Marshall,

a uniform edition of whose novels Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

flings into sharp relief every other form of character; and it never lacks for humour and vivacity so long as the Squire is in health and his youngsters are around. Dick and Humphrey and Walter, Cicely and the youngsters, are all thoroughly lovable young people, reflecting in various facets the hearty, capable, eupeptic parent who sires them, and the blonde old goddess who graces his hearthside. It is true that in this region of custom and use and wont, the womenfolk have an almost Turkish effacement for the sake of the dominant sex. Like the everlasting obsession with property and primogeniture, it is part of the tradition of centuries, and nobody could make it more entertaining or more English than Mr. Marshall does. His pen is ease and lightness itself, and one could wish that more ambitious novelists would imitate his style. He well deserves the reissue of nearly a dozen of his novels in the present half-crown series, and one envies new readers their experience of making his acquaintance so happily.

J. P. COLLINS.

THE FATHER OF REFORM.*

In writing of a Grey of Northumberland, Mr. Trevelyan's foot is on his native heath; and in writing of a great Whig statesman his hand is guided by all his ancestry. What an excellent story it is he tells, and of how excellent a man! Times have changed in the political as in every other world, and we must loyally accept change as the result of cosmic law. This is the age of democrcay. What we have to do is not to deplore a vanished aristocracy, but to learn how to make democracy comely. The great Whigs offer us a pattern of this desired comeliness in public career and private life. They were, as Mr. Trevelyan tells us:

"A very small and very select society. They were men of fashion when to be fashionable was neither easy nor vulgar. They were men of culture, with a knowledge of Greek, Latin, French, Italian and English literature very uncommon in later times."

The Tories may have shrieked against them in the seventeen-nineties as "Jacobins" (as the so-called "patriotic" rabble of to-day call any thinker of progressive tendency a "Bolshevist"), but they were able to look down upon the Tories of their day as unfashionable and decidedly illiterate persons:

"It is easy to sneer at the Whigs for being aristocrats; but it is lucky that in an aristocratic age a few aristocrats were Liberals."

It is the story of this high, mannered elegant society that Mr. Trevelyan tells, a story, too, of great accomplishment.

The whole of Mr. Trevelyan's volume is excellent and instructive reading. The great struggle for Reform with which the name of Lord Grey is associated has found its ideal historian.

* "Lord Grey of the Reform Bill." By George Macaulay Trevelyan. 21s. net. (Longmans.)

THYRSIS.*

Some men are enthralling or exciting or interesting merely because of their personalities: in whatever age or country they were born St. Francis, Shelley, Christina Rossetti, Blake, are bound to arouse enthusiasm, dislike or criticism. Then there are other men whose greatness or half-greatness seems to be a thing of condition and circumstance. They are regarded as incidents in some movement greater than themselves. The class numbers some rare or beautiful spirits, such as Philip Sidney, Keble and Addison; but they are men who are either not sufficiently strong in individuality to avoid being half submerged in some creed or cause, or men who deliberately pose themselves against a background which they know will give their own qualities the best chance of emergence. Boston of the Brahmins perhaps supplies more of this type of man in letters and religion; never was there such a collection of minor personages claiming and obtaining recognition simply by virtue of their adherence to the discreet shibboleths of the pontificating masters. Only in the Oxford of the Tractarian Movement and, perhaps, in London of the nineties does one meet in England a phenomenon which equals the pompous spectacle of transcendental Boston at the time when Mark Twain in his loose-limbed freedom, shocked or shook the world where Emerson, Howells, Holmes and Lowell reigned somnolently. And just as there is a danger that we should forget the real merits of the Bostonians, to whose company the name of Hawthorne is alone sufficient to give the glow of imperishable gold, so we may forget, while we laugh with Mr. Lytton Strachey at the slow, saurian movements of our Brahmins, that there was in the great or lesser men of the period more than matter for ridicule or easy contempt.

Mr. Osborne merits our gratitude for reconstructing the portrait of one of the lesser men. Clough is remembered either, affectionately, as the Thyrsis of Arnold's poems, or with despite as the butt of Swinburne's stupid mockery. In his own lifetime he was so much a man of the moment that he hardly ever emerged into individual distinction. Thomas Arnold's best pupil, Matthew Arnold's friend, Carlyle's disciple, the man who lost his head to Catholicism and his heart to philosophy, a philosopher who tried to write poetry, a poet who cumbers his verse with philosophy, he is a microcosm of the intellectual nineteenth century. Yet Clough was a man. His influence was personal and direct, though unobserved; for instance, through his

* "Arthur Hugh Clough." By James I. Osborne. 8s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

XUM

great influence over his sister, the Principal of Newnham, he had a conspicuous share in framing the philosophy of that feminist movement of which we are only just seeing the beginning. Mr. Osborne very justly points out that it is curious that Clough, whose three best poems deal with love and are conceived with a freedom and an absence of cant either of the Tennysonian or Swinburnian variety, should always be hailed as the poet of doubt—a title which does more properly belong either to Tennyson or to Arnold. Clough had doubts as all believers do: he was presented as a sceptic not because of any doubt in his soul, such as in moments of accidre afflicted Newman or Pusey, but because his mind refused assent to propositions which never touched his heart. Emotionally timid, intellectually he is courageous in his emotions; he even goes further; and, echoing Blake, one might say of him that with Clough love was an intellectual thing. What frightens him is not love, but duty:

> "Men and maidens, see you mind it;
> Show of love, where'er you find it,
> Look if duty lurk behind it!
> Duty-fancies, urging on
> Whither love had never gone!"

Clough, that is, was Thomas Arnold's favourite pupil, the auto-Rugbeian, not because he was temperamentally in sympathy with the cold world of earnest and impersonal endeavour, a world suspicious of any capricious enjoyment, any Catholic freedom, but because he was at once susceptible and sensitive. Arnold stamped the clever, sympathetic boy, and for the rest of his life Clough slowly grew out of the mould whose pattern he had taken at school. A more rebellious boy would have never been impressed: a less sensitive man would have become bitter and angry, but Clough was content to assure himself that, after all, there was a larger world than the high schoolroom and orderly dormitory beloved of his old head master, that there was sunshine to be basked in, and love to be pursued. Yet Clough does lack fervour. Whether this was temperamental or the result of his school-days it seems impossible to determine. Claude, in "Amour de Voyage," is like the self-analytic, egotistic hero of a modern novel. Mr. Osborne connects him with Werther:

> "Werther, Amiel, de Musset, Manfred, the hero of 'Locksley Hall'—they may be ranked together in a contingent of fighters against themselves, with Hamlet as their captain. In order to keep the members of the band within reasonable limits, Russians may be excluded. It is so far a homogeneous collection that all its members have in common three things: sadness, weakness of will and extreme self-consciousness."

The category might pass, though I hardly understand the inclusion of Manfred: but is not Clough's hero nearer to moderns in this—that his struggles are those of a man for whom the intellect and the emotion are equally vital? There are men, primitive, full-blooded, tiresome people for whom the intellect is continually second; there are others who will not allow an emotional moment or mood to be unchallenged in its efforts to govern the intellectual or spiritual life. There are others who seem almost unable to distinguish between their emotions and their judgments. Modern literature and modern life is full of them. Selfish, vain, conceited, garrulous, they believe the sacred sentences, "I wish," "I don't like," or "Ah! but that I never do," to be efficient reasons against the "must," the imperative of life. One is anxious to say loudly to them seven times a day: "Things are what they are; and the consequences of them will be what they will be: why then should we be deceived?" They use Bergson as a barricade, and Freud as a smoke-screen: their impulses are the jerks of incipient spiritual paralysis, and lack co-ordination or consequence. It is to these young men Claude belongs: and nothing in Clough is more memorable than his skill in presenting a type which was very uncommon at his own time and which, though Mr. Osborne can dismiss him as "unattractive, uninspiring, and unprofitable," has for the student of morbid psychology and æsthetic casuistry the fascination of a remarkably good "museum" piece.

This analytic Clough, the Clough who should have been a novelist, was little suspected by his contemporaries, and even distrusted by himself. Only in America—where Lowell published "Amour de Voyage" and Charles Eliot Norton "Dipsychus"—did this verse of Clough's rouse much interest. In England he was known chiefly—and still is—by his earliest ambitious poem, "The Bothie of Tober na Vuolich," by a few lyrics in the Arnoldian manner, and by the "Easter Day," a poem not altogether unworthy to be named with Browning's more magnificent and sumptuous ode. "The Bothie" is undoubtedly charming. Not every one can love its hexameters: but those who do always have a difficulty in listening to the jingling, girlish rhythms of "Evangeline" or "Miles Standish." Nowhere in it does Clough bring off so competent and acrid an effort as the phrase in "Amour de Voyage"—"the horrible pleasure of pleasing inferior people"; but there are in "The Bothie" a boyishness, a gallantry, a primitive, unsophisticated cheerfulness which is astonishing when one considers it coincided with the neat, lawn-like, park-like effects of Tennyson. The lyrics suffer from Clough's inability to sing. Sermons in stones are tolerable—but sermons in stanzas are apt to make the lyric rather stodgy; and I have never been able properly to appreciate the laboured, if beautiful, metaphors of "Say not the struggle naught availeth." In "Easter Day, Naples, 1849," on the other hand, and in "The Shadow" there is a power both of thought and language which gives Clough a high place among those philosophical poets who will always have a select audience. He is not an optimist. He attains, rather, that high faith which we see in some of the younger men of to-day whom the war and the peace have left disillusioned but not despairing. He doubts; he desponds; but he believes firmly and defiantly in truth, and can afford to give his difficulties a shape and a definiteness a lesser man would avoid. Never was his style so dignified, so serene, as in these poems:

> "I dreamed a dream: I dreamt that I espied,
> Upon a stone that was not rolled aside,
> A Shadow sit upon a grave—a Shade,
> As thin, as unsubstantial, as of old
> Came, the Greek poet told,
> To lick the life-blood in the trench Ulysses made—
> As pale, as thin, and said:
> 'I am the Resurrection of the Dead.
> The night is past, the morning is at hand,
> And I must in my proper semblance stand,
> Appear brief space and vanish—listen, this is true,
> I am that Jesus whom they slew.'"

The man who wrote that was something other than "Thyrsis." Arnold knew that his two odes gave but an incomplete idea of his friend: but too many people to-day take Arnold's picture as a portrait, and put Clough away with Henry King. It is as unfair as if one were to judge Ulysses from Turner's picture of the hero defying Polyphemus: and I hope Mr. Osborne's mongraph will send the reader of to-day to the study of this neglected poet.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

FORLORN CAUSES.*

In one of those laborious and utterly depressing upheavals of casual papers which all of us must sooner or later undertake, I unearthed the other day an article printed in the spring of 1914 when presumably the world was young. The writer, a man evidently of vision, took his stand on the inspiration of sentiment and poured contempt on prudence. With trembling hand I had torn it from its roots and, as one does with strange fatality from day to day, laid it carefully from sight and memory. And suddenly it reappeared, faded, crumpled, but unbroken, and the words I read are: "Is it not passionate thought, prompted by ideal considerations, that has accomplished all the great deeds of history and the present world? Joan of Arc setting out barefoot to crown a king, Byron giving life and all to deliver Greece, Florence Nightingale starting for Scutari, Livingstone turning back to escort a few natives to their distant home."

* "A Brazilian Mystic." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

One could go on adding to such a list almost indefinitely. But is it also not the same passionate thought which has led all the lost causes to their tremendous devastation? The names of the triumphant, as in a greatly lesser degree the lost leaders of men, have won their place in history. Theirs was the passionate thought. But what of those who followed in their train? What spirit of self-sacrifice is fired in their hearts? For all lost causes have not been strengthened by faith, or provoked by tyranny, or dazzled by hope of gold. Failure for such as these offers its own sufficient if not always credible explanation. But there are causes known to us so hopeless, so reckless, so unprofitable, so apparently without any culmination save death, that however damping to the prudent or conscript conscience it may be, the spiritual folly of man is beyond tabulation or academic analysis. Recall the memorable challenge of Garibaldi to all the accepted gods of humanity: "I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions. Rather do I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death." That sublime acknowledgment of the spiritually sentimental in human conduct might have been written upon the title page of Mr. Cunninghame Graham's amazing and moving story of Antonio Conselheiro. Never have I followed the record of a cause more tragic and forlorn. Prince Charlie landed with seven men, but he came to win a kingdom. Antonio Conselheiro, a Brazilian mystic, offered neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions, and set up no banner of revolution or conquest. He simply wandered, a John the Baptist of the nineties, over the deserts and mountain paths of Brazil and the Vaqueros hailed him as the revelation of God. They followed him in "a land of thirst, of great extremes of temperature, of sudden storm, of frozen night succeeding days of intensest heat"—they did so with no personal or political end, and the only desire of their leader was to found a place of worship remote from the Republic where they might await the coming of the eternal King of the World. A simple creed, a most harmless ambition, and it would seem to an unprejudiced observer that if men followed an ascetic visionary into an almost inaccessible country, however disturbing passions, strange and even alarming, might strike politicians and professional soldiers, the wise in their generation do not take a bellows to a small unwelcome fire. But officials of that new and uneasy Republic conferred with Generals, memoranda passed, and it was agreed that most assuredly some action must be taken. And so, as in those musical comedies which used to strive so vainly after the rich humour of imaginary principalities, the Government dispatched a little band of soldiers to quell with a roll of kettledrums a few odd thousand cattle-men, their religious fervour rendered immensely practical by their national pastime of sudden death.

After a martyrdom of thirst and hunger the soldiers advanced to the attack. Immediately, as the Highlanders for another cause, equally forlorn, broke upon the English dragoons at Prestonpans, the defenders of Conselheiro almost annihilated that tragic expedition. The inevitable conflict was now sealed. Conselheiro, alarmed at the danger of war with the Republic, retired to Canudos, a place separated by eighty miles of desert from the nearest railroad, and there founded the new Zion. He proclaimed no definite faith, no new code of morals. His religion was one of asceticism, prayer, and his message the swiftly approaching end of the world. No leader ever studied the accepted essentials of leadership with larger indifference and, it must be allowed, no immensely astute demagogue ever won so absolute a devotion. For the faithful, who valued their lives neither here nor elsewhere, bandits, cattle-men, half-castes, Indians, riders like centaurs and armed to the teeth, travelled through the deep silence of the forests and over the parched plains to Canudos, where Conselheiro the Mystic had challenged established things. There they sang hymns and chanted litanies, and in the intervening hours oiled their mediæval weapons, drank raw wine and conducted their approved if amorous activities. Meanwhile the Government far away in

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Rio de Janiero took thought, and in 1895 (for this is no story or legend of the Middle Ages) three priests reached Canudos, bearing high a crucifix and chanting as they marched through the amazed and interested spectators. These missionaries, by leave of Conselheiro, entered the great place of worship his followers were building, and rated them with the historic assurance and indiscretion of the Church. Their denunciation was received with frank derision and, cursing the place with spiritual unction, they departed, and again the Government resorted to the force of arms. Once more, and yet again, a miserable band of soldiery, parched with thirst, white with dust, limped towards Canudos, and on each occasion only a remnant struggled back to tell the tale. At last, for there is but one ending to the advocates of passionate thought, an army of artillery, cavalry and foot laid siege to the town. In that terrible siege, carried on without quarter, or surrender, but day by day in deepening agony and gloom, the followers of Conselheiro never flinched, and never complained. Even the death of their leader, worn out by the downfall of his dearest convictions, did not sap their strange and incredible fortitude. They might have retreated to the last, had they willed, into the impenetrable forest behind the town. But they fought on. In their annihilation nothing could be gained. In their amazing obstinacy was nothing but the darkness which must be met and can never be conquered. And in the silence when the last man had fallen, when the smoke had drifted away, leaving Canudos to return to the wilderness, they found the dead body of a man who had lit once again the fire of devotion in the hearts of simple men.

In these telling, unforgettable words Mr. Cunninghame Graham terminates as with a tragic gesture his immensely poignant story: "Some of the faithful had placed some withered flowers upon his breast. His body lay upon a ragged piece of matting, and both his eyes were full of sand."

FREDERICK WATSON.

CARADOC EVANS AND HIS "NEIGHBOURS."

In speaking of Mr. Caradoc Evans's new volume of satires (or libels) on the Welsh nation, I have no wish to revive the passions of an old controversy. Whether the Nonconformists of Cardiganshire, resident in that county or exiles in London, are the callous beasts which they are represented to be by their countryman, I have no means of deciding; though judging a priori I very much doubt whether Mr. Evans as author can, or as Welshman should, draw up an indictment against a whole people. But what I am concerned with in dealing with "My Neighbours" is the essential qualities which give these stories of the London Welsh their idiosyncratic value. The chief of these, I suppose, is the economy of phrase and of sentence which condenses a whole life-history into a single tale. The allusive way in which the narrative of greed, lust and cruelty proceeds through births, marriages and deaths to the crucial dramatic situation is marked by an absence of comment, which gives it its stark ironic appeal, and by a pregnancy and an air of unaffected veracity which seem to owe not a little to a study of the Old Testament stories. Truly Biblical, too, is the author's cool, unabashed way of describing the love-making of his couples. These quaint, primitive pictures are characterised indeed by a post-Raphaelite directness and simplicity. The third distinguishing mark of the author's method is his masterly use of dialogue. Herein he confines himself severely to the practice of the playwright. Eschewing psychological analysis save for the slightest of running commentaries, he depicts his characters solely by means of their conversation; and this conversation is always illuminating and dramatic. But the presentation of his scenic persons as average men and women forms no part of his intentions. Wherefore, in order, I imagine, to make them as remote as possible, to show them as a clan apart, with a view also, I suspect, of throwing their hypocrisy into the whitest and most lurid of lights, Mr. Evans adopts the doubtfully legitimate plan of translating their talk not idiomatically but literally. The result is that his Welsh peasants and drapers and dairymen are made to converse in a sort of baboo English which, whatever the author's intentions may be, renders them supremely ridiculous. So "Get thee behind me, Satan" takes on the unfamiliar guise of "Go round my backhead, Satan"; and "People have talked to me of the fine pigs of Tyhen" appears as "Mouthings have I heard of grand pigs Tyhen." Similarly such barbarisms abound as "Speak you a little verse for a funeral preach," "Stiffish are affairs with him, poor dab," "Talk the name of the old malady," "Insulting am I to the Large One bach," "What is in the stomach of my purse this one minute?" "The pant of my breath is not back," and "Out of the neck of young youths we hear pieces that are very sensible." At times, as the examples I have just given will show, this grotesque literalism ceases to be merely quaint, and becomes wearisome because unintelligible. But, regarded as a whole, it proves enormously effective; never more so indeed than in the following passage taken from a prayer uttered by a sort of Cymric compound of Naaman and of Hezekiah who fancies, to his horror, that he is on the point of dying:

"Not fitting that you leave the daughter fach alone. Short in her leg you made her. There's a set back. Her mother perished; and did I complain? An orphan will the pitiful wench be. . . . A fuss will be about Shop Richmond. Paid have I the rent for one year in advance. Serious will the loss be. Be not of two thinks. Send Lisha to breathe breathings into my inside—in the belly where the heart is. Forgive me that I go to the Capel English. Go there I do for the trade. Generous am I in the collections. Ask the preacher. Take some one else to sit in my chair in the Palace. Allow me to live for a year—two years—and a grand Communion set will I give to the Welsh capel in Shirland Road. Individual cups, silver-plated, Sheffield make."

A passage like this, which does equal justice to the religion and to the religiosity of the Welshman, shows how finely perspicacious a critic of his people and his neighbours Mr. Evans could be if he would only bring himself to regard them from a point of view which was sympathetically and not sardonically humorous.

L. B.

* "My Neighbours." By Caradoc Evans. 6s. net. (Melrose.)

REALITIES OF WAR.*

It is of course impossible for any one pair of eyes to see as a whole the great war of 1914–1919. It has been too large for human vision. For that reason it is a little difficult to criticise Mr. Philip Gibbs's latest war book. It has been rather the fashion to sneer at the war correspondents; to speak of them as men comfortably housed at the base, gossiping with wounded fighting-men and elaborating their dispatches by the aid of imagination. During a somewhat varied experience (including regimental, Brigade and G.H.Q. Staff work) I came into contact with a number of the Brethren of the Pen, and I cannot say that I ever actually saw any of them very close to the front line, but that is merely my individual experience, and I take it that if a correspondent's account of an action is reasonably accurate one need not inquire too closely into his sources of information.

There is no doubt that Mr. Gibbs has written a wonderful book; a terrifying book indeed, but it is well that the surprisingly large number of people who even still scarcely realise the magnitude of Britain's effort should be made to understand something of the horror of war.

In four hundred and fifty-five pages of close type Mr. Gibbs has endeavoured to convey his impressions of modern scientific murder and its attendant evils. He has succeeded; and if his pictures are coloured a little by the semi-neurosis induced by the contact for weary months of an evidently sensitive temperament with the crudities

* "Realities of War." By Philip Gibbs. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

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XUM

of the slaughter-house, we need not be surprised. Nor need we, his readers, blame him too much if he has permitted his humanity now and then to blind him to facts. For example—and to discharge myself first of all of the small measure of adverse criticism I feel he deserves—he permits himself more than once to speak of "the Staff" with a bitterness no less real for being restrained. Writing of G.H.Q. (after its removal from St. Omer) he says:

"War at Montreuil was quite a pleasant occupation for elderly generals who liked their little stroll after lunch, and for young Regular officers, released from the painful necessity of dying for their country, who were glad to get a game of tennis down below the walls there, after strenuous office work in which they had written 'Passed to you' on many 'minutes,' or had drawn the most comical caricatures of their immediate chief, and of his immediate chief, on blotting-pads and writing-blocks."

Such words—which will be deeply resented alike by the elderly General, the young Regular officer and their comrades in the line—go to show that Mr. Gibbs was not much in the habit of frequenting those little rooms in the Ecole Militaire in which men worked until the written words danced before their bloodshot eyes, and their tired brains at last refused to function until a few hours' sleep had broken the tension. Does Mr. Gibbs seriously believe that British officers—many of them maimed or half-blinded in that very front line they are supposed never to have seen, could be indifferent to the sufferings of their brethren? Mr. Gibbs does *not* speak of the snug dinners and comfortable beds in the châteaux allotted to the war correspondents. But it is all (so obviously) set down in ignorance; not in malice. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

For the rest, as I have said, the book has been made by the pen of a master of words. The little pictures of war in its various forms are cameos. For instance:

"'Having a clean-up, my man?" said a Brigadier to a soldier trying to wash in a basin about the size of a kitchen mug.
"'Yes, sir," said the man,' and I wish I was a blasted canary.'"

He has the courage, too, to be unfashionable: to admit the bravery of the German troops and the excellence of the German gunnery. To suggest that the enemy were cowards is to pay a poor compliment to British valour; as to the Boche shooting, I have painful reason to admire it—but that is another story!

"'There will be a lot of murder after this bloody war,' says a Tommy to Mr. Gibbs. 'What's human life? . . . We're trained up as murderers—I don't dislike it, mind you—and after the war we shan't get out of the habit of it. It'll come nat'ral, like!'"

"He was talking for my benefit," adds Mr. Gibbs, describing the laughter that followed. Nowadays one is inclined to think that many a true word is spoken in jest.

With Mr. Gibbs's criticisms of strategy and tactics I am not concerned; it is so easy to be wise after the event. But his analyses of such tragedies as Loos are profoundly interesting. Terrible as his descriptions may be, they are certainly not exaggerated:

"Shell-shock was the worst thing to see. . . . A sergeant-major . . . was convulsed with a dreadful rigor like a man in epilepsy, and clawed at his mouth, moaning horribly, with livid terror in his eyes. . . . He had been a tall and splendid man, this poor terror-stricken lunatic."

Is there anyone who will not feel the deep emotion of the words on his last page?:

"Let us seek the beauty of life, and God's truth, somehow, remembering the boys who died too soon, and all the falsity and hatred of these past five years. . . . We have seen too much blood. We want to wipe it out of our eyes and souls. Let us have Peace."

It is the cry of the suffering World.

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HEROES OLD AND YOUNG.*

Some dozen years ago there was a vogue of the man of forty in the playhouse, and I remember a wit thus accounting for the new fashion in heroes: "Why, don't you understand? All our more popular playwrights and actors are getting middle-aged." It was smart of him, but when I recall that Thackeray and his contemporaries devoted themselves to the young man and young love long after passing middle age, I suspect the choice of forty as an age that could still be heroic or romantic was rather more a defiant extension of the range of art than a sign that the artist had reached the "forties" himself. To-day we pride ourselves on being more catholic-minded than our Victorian grandparents. If youth, we flatter our times by thinking, insists on having its fair share of the *beaux rôles*, it is not so greedy as to edge its elders wholly off the scene; the young no less than the old can put up with heroes of all ages. At any rate, in two recently issued novels with which I propose to deal, one hero is fifty to the other's twenty-six or eight, and it is not the younger man who has the more compelling personality.

The hero of fifty figures in "The House of Baltazar" and, like so many of Mr. Locke's characters, he is a quixote. With brilliant prospects before him at Cambridge, John Baltazar threw up his career and disappeared into China for eighteen years to avoid compromising a Newnham girl in whose sympathy he had found consolation for the tantrums of a wife of ungovernable temper. No bad start this in chivalry even for "a fool of genius." When we meet him on his return from the East, disgust with England, after one week's sampling of London, prompts him to go a step farther in oddity. He buries himself hermit-like in a moorland village so successfully that, for two whole years while the European war is raging, not a whisper of its prevalence reaches his ears. Newspapers, correspondence, village gossip, are all kept at arm's length, largely owing to the extravagant fidelity of his Chinese servant-pupil, Quong Ho, and it needs a bomb from a Zeppelin to awaken him to realities. Then with an energy that warrants the description of him as a "human dynamo," he flings himself into war-work only to sacrifice office and power, when both are in his reach, to rescue from scandal a son of whose very existence he was unaware when he came home. It is characteristic of the novelist's love of coincidence that Baltazar makes his son's acquaintance and comes upon his old sweetheart simultaneously, Marcelle Baring being discovered nursing the crippled young soldier when, with name disguised, the father pays his visit of reconnaissance. Now here obviously we have Mr. Locke offering us a fairy tale with a war atmosphere, and English war politics do not lend themselves well to fairy tale treatment. So perhaps it happens that the boy-soldier, the nurse—so thin-blooded that not until the very end of the story can she make up her mind to marry her former lover, Baltazar—and Lady Edna, the cabinet minister's wife who brings young Godfrey to the verge of dishonour, all seem somewhat lacking in life, especially in the presence of the hero. For Baltazar, fantastic creation though he may be, abounds in vitality and imparts to the story a sort of whirlwind pace; and only less happy is the study of Quong Ho, who so amusingly apes and therefore parodies his master's formality of speech. It is in treating of them that the scholarly charm of Mr. Locke's style is most engagingly persuasive.

To turn from the scenes of Baltazar's quixotry to the tale which the old bachelor "Uncle Lionel" tells is like plunging into a bath of ice-cold water, for in this book we have modern youth pictured with a fearless realism and made to look very far from "pleasant." Baltazar, in his worst moods and with all his expletives, had the capacity for self-discipline; for years he cut alcohol out of his life. Michael, Mr. Mais's irritating young hero, has not mastered the rudiments of such an art. The only excuse that can

* "The House of Baltazar." By W. J. Locke. 7s. net. (Bodley Head.)—"Uncle Lionel." By S. P. B. Mais. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards,)

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XUM

be offered for him, indeed, is that his wife, Patricia, is even more ill-tempered, more selfish, more exacting. Both are prepared to discuss freely with friends their domestic privacies, and their cat-and-dog quarrels make a sensitive reader want to stop his ears, so ruthlessly and vulgarly personal are they, so void are they of restraint, of pity, of any spark of tenderness. And actions match speech. It is the promiscuity of the love affairs of Mr. Mais's young people that appals. Yet no one who has mixed much with the new generation of the middle class would care to challenge the fidelity of his observation. His Michaels, his Patricias, his Tobys, his Helènes, his Joans, his Radstocks are to be met with every day, and by comparison such a ray of sunshine as his little dancer, Phyllis, seems to have strayed out of fairyland. It is possible that the schoolmaster-novelist has exaggerated the defect of the virtues of independence and candour and adventurousness in the youth of to-day; but his book reads like only too true an indictment of the class to which its survey is confined, and he has certainly fastened on one of the most disquieting features of our time—the fact that youthful impatience is most mischievously active amid the delicate relations of sex. Thus Michael is a portent and his creator is a new force to be reckoned with in fiction.

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LANCASHIRE DRAMA.*

In the course of a somewhat lengthy but extremely interesting preface to "Three Lancashire Plays," Mr. Harold Brighouse expresses his views upon matters relating to contemporary drama under three principal heads—the reading of plays, the repertory theatre, and, finally, the Lancashire school of drama, of which he and the late Stanley Houghton have shown themselves to be the most noteworthy exponents. Mr. Brighouse desires to see a revival of the play-reading habit, pointing out that in another age than ours play-books were a favourite, if not the only, form of light reading, while the novel, now almost universally preferred, is the development of the last century. "Play-reading," he says, "obeys the law that as a man sows so shall he reap; a little trouble, rapidly eased by practice, leads one to a great deal of pleasure." There is much to be said in support of this view, and, since Mr. Shaw set the fashion of supplying very full descriptions of his characters and their environment, there have been created possibilities for the printed play which one could wish to see more eagerly seized upon by the reading public. Mr. Brighouse has many illuminating things to say about the repertory theatre and its uses, and, since he began his dramatic career as a repertory dramatist of the Manchester school, his views command attention. The repertory play was held to be synonymous with the uncommercial play, but this has been proved to be a fallacy. In evidence of which one has but to indicate the astonishing success of Houghton's "Hindle Wakes," Mr. Brighouse's own "Hobson's Choice"—which won golden opinions in the United States before it was staged in England—and Mr. John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," which filled a London theatre for months, after an obscure provincial production. "Repertory has golden possibilities," says Mr. Brighouse. And he is quite right. The repertory system has not yet received the credit which is its due. And from seeds let fall on stony ground there may yet be a rich harvest. The repertory theatres of Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool and Manchester have revealed evidence of much latent dramatic vigour. Coming to the consideration of the Manchester school of drama it is to be noted that, unlike the Abbey Theatre school, which had a national appeal, the former was merely a by-product. Miss Horniman's efforts were devoted to bigger things than the mere fostering of a local school of drama. The two most distinguished Lancashire dialect writers, Edwin Waugh and Ben Brierley, have passed away, and though, since their day, there have been spasmodic attempts to exploit the dialect of the county, as a literary medium it has ceased to count. None of Houghton's or Mr. Brighouse s plays are written in dialect, and though a local idiom crops up now and again there is nothing in any of their plays but what should be perfectly intelligible to a dweller in Camden Town.

"Dramatically correct dialect is literally incorrect," says Mr. Brighouse; "it is highly selected dialogue which indicates, but does not obscure, and the true dialect dramatist is not the man who exactly imitates the speech of a district, but he who most skilfully adapts its rhythms and picks out its most salient words. Synge invented an Irish dialect which is false in detail and infinitely true in broad effect, and 'the Manchester school,' faced with the same difficulty, has solved it in the same way."

Now the distinguishing feature about these Lancashire plays is that though the author spares his readers the obstacles of the dialect, he gives them in full compensation the sturdy characteristics and hard-bitten spirit of these northern industrialists. And his types are as true to nature and their environment as were the characters of the Elizabethan and Restoration stage.

From the foregoing observations it will be seen that a provincial origin is no necessary obstacle to a popular success upon the stage. To take the three plays in the present volume in detail one imagines that in "The Game" Mr. Brighouse has attempted a double purpose. His principal idea—as a business dramatist—we may suppose, was to catch his public by a play woven around the sport of football, and, whether or not he has failed in this endeavour, there can be no doubt that, incidentally, he has achieved a literary success in the portrayal of some of his principal characters. The footballer himself is the least satisfactory of the group. "The finest centre forward in England," with a taste for Browning and Pater is difficult to accept. Moreover he is such a weak-kneed and abject figure in the hands of his mother that he evokes neither sympathy nor admiration. But Mrs. Wetherell, the mother, is a woman of such sturdy character that her personality dominates the play, and by the reader she will be relegated to the gallery of stage characters that matter. The play provides in addition an effective satire upon the athletic girl with her craze for sport in the person of Elsie Whitworth, who, in defiance of all opposition, proposes to marry the footballer, but, discovering his flabbiness in time, emerges from the ordeal with disillusion, but with increased worldly wisdom. "The Northerners," one remembers, was produced by Mr. Iden Payne at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, some years ago, with Miss Mona Limerick as Ruth Butterworth. Brilliant as was much of the work of this actress, the part of the weaver's daughter who married her master's son was not quite within the scope of her art, and perhaps the play suffered thereby. The scene of the drama is laid in a Lancashire town in the eighteen-twenties, and concerns itself with the fierce opposition shown by the operative classes to the introduction of machinery in cotton-mills. It is a strong and effective piece of stagecraft, and ends upon an inevitable note of tragedy. The third play in the volume, "Zack," described as "a character comedy," was first produced by Mr. Iden Payne at the Empire Theatre, Syracuse, New York State. There is a certain Dickensian flavour about "Zack," or Zachariah Munning, a gentle and gracious character, down-trodden and snubbed by his relatives and neighbours, until he is carried off in triumph by a discerning girl who discovers his true qualities, and turns the tables upon the scoffers and self-seekers. It is all delightful comedy, and makes most attractive reading.

Mr. Brighouse's plots are well conceived. His comedy dialogue is crisp and witty. He knows his Lancashire characters better, perhaps, than they know themselves. In holding up the mirror to nature, if a severe critic, he is not without the saving grace of kindliness.

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That he himself is dissatisfied with the handling of his problem seems likely from the fact that he abandons Cecilia for Stephen. Of Stephen's life as a builder, his success, and his romance, Mr. Beresford makes a thing of real beauty and sincerity: but with the introduction of Cecilia insincerity creeps in again. Threlfall of course loses his job as organist, but gets a reputation and financial success as a writer of light operas: Cecilia, at the age of forty-odd, gets work on the stage as a story-teller, and hopes for regular acting. Once more Mr. Beresford makes the worst of it by showing Threlfall as unworthy and unfaithful; and we even find him philandering with Stephen's old love, Margaret Weatherley. Cecilia turns to Stephen, and has for a moment the temptation of trying to keep him and Margaret apart. In a finely-written scene Mr. Beresford gives us his effort at an explanation of the violent sympathy or antipathy which exists between some parents and their children; but I feel here, too, he is too explanatory. The little bit of Freudian psycho-analysis, when Stephen has recalled to his conscious memory the laughter of his mother at an infantile distress, does not really help the reader to a fuller understanding either of Stephen or his mother. The truth is that passion, if it is not written of lyrically or in the comic vein, must be written of passionately: neither Lear nor Romeo are conceivable as purely reasonable beings. It will be fatal to the very essence of imaginative art if our artists begin to believe that there is no mystery which cannot be explained: in this book Mr. Beresford is so anxious to render Cecilia intelligible that he has only succeeded in making her rather intolerable, until, it is true, the last sentence on the last page when he repents and ends on an older, more traditional note. Stephen looks for Cecilia to tell her of his happiness and Margaret's:

"As he left the room he heard somewhere deep down in the house, the distant slamming of a door.

"Cecilia was not in either of the nurseries, and the drawing-room was quite empty. But in the hall he found Butler, who told him that Mrs. Threlfall had gone out a few minutes before. She had not said where she was going, nor when she would be likely to return."

R. E. R.

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RUNNING WILD.*

No representation of a certain type of boy's outlook in life has been given with greater candour than by the late Mr. Bertram Smith in "Running Wild." That type is the savage type, not savage in the cruel sense, but in the sense of being wild, lawless, uncontrolled. It is a reversion to type. All the instincts of primitive man were displayed in the four characters of this book. They were destructive, rolling stones down hill, for example, to batter in their home's back door. As their old nurse reminded them :

> "The children of England take pleasure in breaking
> What the German children take pleasure in making."

With all due deference to Mr. Ward Muir's preface, they had not "a high sense of honour": there were limits to the confession they would make. Again, like primitive man, they boasted a "callous hide of indifference," to other people's feelings, "not far from brutality." Like primitive man they were individualists, rendering few services, and those not from love or duty, but just for the fun of it.

Even as a man Mr. Bertram Smith, with all his charm, had more hankerings after the primitive life than fall to the lot of one in ten thousand other men. He was the greatest caravanner of his day, even combining the business of cottonbroking with caravanning. It was the nearest approach sedentary life afforded to a life of adventure. He and his brothers were super-adventurers. What other boys have devised the plan of sliding down from top to bottom of a spruce fir ?

This intense love of adventure, of discovering, making and creating, made them impatient of all control. Much more than most boys they were "always opponents of those in authority," viz. their parents. "Life was a sort of tug-of-war." The most brilliant chapter in the book describes the boys' unconscious contempt for grown-ups, "their bewildering limitations," their ignorance of the second tap for turning on the fountain, of the hidden places beneath the roof. How incomprehensible too were the jokes that sometimes broke the surface of "their restrained and twilit manner."

Hating control and compulsion, they hated the relations whom it was necessary for them to love and respect. "The presumption was that they were undesirable and even ridiculous people."

Such boys were not average boys, not typical. They had more than the usual dose of primitive instincts. And yet they were typical in their hazy wanderings between belief and unbelief, in Santa Claus for example : in their delight in running water, in their joy in hiding away in the stoke-hole of the tomato-house, in their reverence for the sanctuary of their pockets.

W. A. F.

HENRY FOX.†

When Lady Fox, the widow of Sir Stephen Fox, the founder of the family, lay dying she called her children to her bedside and addressed them in these words :

> "Mind on your name *Stephen* Fox, that I hope will keep you from being wicked. You, Harry, having a less fortune, won't be subject to so many temptations ; but withstand those you have when you grow up. . . . Love your brother, Stephen ; I charge you all love one another. You have enemies enough ; make not one another so."

No wickedness seems to have marred Stephen Fox's character, and he ended in being created the first Earl of Ilchester. Henry was subjected to many fierce temptations, to not a few of which he succumbed, but he ever remained a true friend to his brother, whose interests he at all times endeavoured to promote, and his affection and idolization of his favourite son, the famous Charles James Fox, is well known.

It is quite true, as Lord Ilchester states, that

> "Many may find fault with Fox's political code ; few will throw stones at the domesticity of his private life."

It is very pleasant to read of his home life although, perhaps, no stronger impression is left on the reader's mind than that made by Sir George Trevelyan in his "Early Life of Charles James Fox." His hurried marriage with Lady Caroline Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, —for it was a runaway match—was not repented of at leisure, though for some time after it earned for the young couple the wrathful indignation of the lady's parents, and the Duchess in her heart never really forgave her son-in-law. His political life affects one very differently. His conduct of the Pay Office, the charge of which he held for many years, cannot but be reprobated although Lord Ilchester, without condoning, tries to excuse it.

The balance of the money which Fox drew, in advance, as Paymaster-General for the payment of His Majesty's Forces was invested by him and the interest placed to his private account. Such action was in accordance with the custom of the times and not considered illegal, and it is from the fact that it was the usual thing that Lord Ilchester draws the conclusion that it was excusable, in spite of the admission that Fox's predecessors in the office—Pelham and Pitt—acted otherwise. In this connection Sir George Trevelyan, in the before-quoted work, notes :

> "The extent of Lord Holland's gains may be estimated by a comparison between his financial position when he took the Pay Office and when he quitted it. In the will which he made in middle life he left eight thousand pounds, and eleven hundred a year to his wife. At his death in 1774 he left Lady Holland two thousand a year, Holland House, and Government securities to the amount, it is said, of a hundred and twenty thousand pounds. To Stephen Fox he had already given between four and five thousand a year in land. To Charles he bequeathed the property in Kent, and nine hundred a year ; to his son Henry, an estate in the North, and five hundred a year ; while the young men got amongst them fifty thousand pounds in money, and a sinecure valued at twenty-three hundred a year. It must be remembered that Lord Holland had already paid for the eldest at least a couple of hundred thousand pounds in debts."

The inability to resist such a temptation to accumulate an immense fortune at the expense of the country, must convince any right-minded person of the absence of the most rudimentary idea of patriotism in the mind of a servant of the State, especially when the crippling of the nation's resources during and after the Seven Years' War is borne in mind. Disinterestedness certainly formed no part of Fox's public character.

For several years before he died Fox was deserted by his "venal friends." Culpable as we hold him to have been, we cannot help pitying him on reading Rigby's abominable behaviour to his old friend which, when remembered, embittered Fox's closing years, for blameworthy though he was, fidelity to those to whom he was attached was a marked feature in his character.

Lord Ilchester, having had access to a large quantity of unpublished material, has written an intensely interesting and valuable biography of a statesman who lived in a stirring period of our history and who, had he not been deficient in patriotism and disinterestedness, might have risen to great heights and left behind him an honoured and revered name.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

THINGS SCOTTISH.*

Mr. Hill's story of the Kirk, pleasantly written, is a quite conventional contribution to the subject. Not that it is old-fashioned, and it is by no means insipid. On the contrary the work is one of the best of its kind, and it appears opportunely, for there was room for just such a

* "Running Wild." By Bertram Smith. 6s. net. (Simpkin.)

† "Henry Fox, First Lord Holland : His Family and Relations." By the Earl of Ilchester. 32s. net. (John Murray).

* "The Story of the Scottish Church from the Earliest Times." By Ninian Hill. 7s. 6d. (MacLehose.)—"A History of the Church in Scotland." By Alex. R. MacEwen, D.D. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton,)—"Sidelights on Scottish History." By Michael Barrett, O.S.B. 6s. 6d. (Sands.)—"Scotland of the Scots." By G. R. Blake. 7s. 6d. (Pitman.)—"Sidelights on the History, Industries and Social Life of Scotland." By Louis A. Barbé. 10s. 6d. (Blackie.)

plain, popular account of an institution which, in the words of Professor Flint, "has done more than any other to make Scotland what it is." Mr. Hill repeats the legend of Columba's interview with Brude, the gates of whose castle were closed against the saint, but on "his making the sign of the Cross they instantly flew open, and Brude received him graciously." Whereupon the king "yielded and was baptised," and the "death-knell of Paganism in Scotland was sounded." The old tradition completely disposed of by the historical critic! Mr. Hill's account of the Reformation period and his narrative of the Covenant are all that can be desired. It is a pity nothing is said about the projected Union of Scottish Presbyterianism. Some reference to an event eagerly hoped for would have rounded off this simple but discriminating study, and it would have imparted a touch of prophetic ideality to an interesting closing chapter descriptive of the General Assembly To-Day.

Professor MacEwen's demise three years since was a calamitous loss to Scottish ecclesiastical scholarship. Many were anticipating the triumphant completion of his fine work of which this is the second, though, alas, the sadly emaciated volume! The first comprised 487 pages: that now issued is a mere fragment of 178 pages, carrying on the narrative for but fourteen years—from 1546 to 1560. Fortunately it embraces part of a period characterised by Dr. MacEwen himself as "the most important in the history of the Scottish Church and the Scottish nation," namely that which saw the beginning of the Reformation movement, and hailed the advent and increasing ascendancy of John Knox. To Knox, as Carlyle used to say, his country must ever owe its biggest debt. The best evidence of Knox's surpassing personality was his superlative work of church-making which still abides and flourishes. Knox died in 1572, a date beyond that with which Dr. MacEwen's history ends. There is thus no final analytical appreciation of one who was often difficult to understand, simple-minded, yet sometimes unfathomable as ocean depths; sympathetic and austere; a man of the world, and a man of God; in some ways the most dauntless Christian warrior of his time and the most consummate statesman of any time.

Father Barrett's papers collected from various journals of his own persuasion, are, as one might expect, strongly (though not ultra) Roman Catholic. Interesting matter is contained in them all. The best are those which treat of Edinburgh and Glasgow before the Reformation. "Lust of power and greed of gain," says Mr. Barrett, were the true causes which imposed a "newly-invented creed" upon the people of Scotland, and thrust from them a Church that had been "set up by divine authority." "Such human elements might for a time command success, but God is stronger than man, and in the end He always conquers." Yet of Glasgow, the good Father bemoans earlier in his book: "It is scarcely probable that Glasgow will ever again become wholly Catholic."

Compilations which pilot their readers (tourist-like) through the multiplex ramifications of a nation's life and literature, and character and scenery, are usually disappointing. Mr. Blake's work is an exception. Is the writer an Englishman, however, for he speaks of the Ettrick Shepherd as *Alexander* Hogg, of the painter Martin Hardie as Harvie (repeated in the index), of Andrew Millar, the printer, as Mollar? He avers that the "Established Church relies principally on State support," ignorant of the fact that the total amount supplied annually from the national exchequer is a paltry £17,000. Does he know that the number of parishes in Scotland is 1,456? It may be well also to remind him that the teinds are not the property of the State. All the same this is an excellent and entertaining book—a sort of statistical account in pemmican, well arranged and well digested spite of some palpable blemishes. Outlander or no, the compiler exhibits an intimate knowledge of Scotland and the Scots. He is at home in everything pertaining to northern art, industry, science, education, and literature—so much at home that one is tempted to suspect a Glaswegian authorship after all! Certain tokens almost indicate

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this—the conspicuous place bestowed on the "second city," several of the illustrations, as well as the writer's praise lavished (deservedly) on the Glasgow School of Painting. At all events this comprehensive and informative review of the best that Scotland has been and is, will receive a true and loving welcome at home and abroad. By the way, was Andrew Lang a collaborateur in fiction with Mr. Eden Phillpotts? Mr. Blake probably meant Mr. A. E. W. Mason, who was joint-author of "Parson Kelly." But Sir Rider Haggard was a co-author with Lang also—in "The World's Desire." So Phillpotts is another error to be rectified.

A score of capable short essays comprise Mr. Barbé's latest contribution to Scottish story. In him the "auld alliance" is happily perpetuated and personified. No Frenchman of recent times has done more to elucidate the adamantine links which connect his own bright land with the grey land beyond the Cheviots. Apart from three or four papers which carry us across the Channel, the major portion of this book the writer himself describes as "an attempt to throw a little light on the more obscure figures and incidents in Scottish history, as well as on some of the less familiar aspects of Scottish life in olden days." That he has succeeded in his purpose with considerable skill and success is unmistakable. It is a most readable volume.

W. S. CROCKETT.

Novel Notes.

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This is the strongest, most confident piece of work Mr. Warwick Deeping has yet given us. It is confident because he has beaten his music out: he is sure of his ground: he has reached the heights, and nothing comes between him and the sun. If he has lost a little of his blind faith in the nobility of man, he rejoices more than ever in the nobility of some men. That joy brings humour in its train, and the finest characters in a book full of fine characters have each their humorous side. They would not be men if they hadn't. Julian Burgetrode, "the long, gaunt, iron-muscled Viking," is full of humour beneath his fierce exterior, Meredithian humour. His reflections on society are full of it. What is nationalisation but government of officials. "And who is your official? Just old Mr. Peasgood Nonsuch"—there speaks Mr. Deeping the gardener—"a rather dull and phlegmatic old gentleman." Burgetrode's friendship with Tod will satisfy those who complain that friendship plays too small a part in English fiction. And it is a perfectly natural friendship, for Tod is just one of those clean, healthy English boys that Mr. E. F. Benson loves to portray. In him Mr. Deeping has expressed his own deep love of the healthy outdoor life. His love of nature, too, comes out more strongly and beautifully than ever. It is embodied in the person of Tom Lavender, that lovable naturalist "who owned things by losing them, not wanting to put them in his pocket." The book begins with an idyll, the idyllic love of Tod's parents: it ends with an idyll. There are shadows, but sunlight streams through them and through the book from beginning to end.

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Mr. Norval Richardson's Italian people and scenery have the quiet charm so often associated with the English—and American—presentation of their country in fiction. It is a sleepy little world to which he introduces us—a world which is seldom visited by the disturbing dream of everyday life. To the estate which his grandmother has left him comes Galbraith, a marriageable American, there to find happiness and a soul-mate in the person of the grandchild whose inheritance he has usurped. But if neither plot nor treatment are particularly original, the story makes pleasant reading in the manner of its treatment and the delicate and fragrant atmosphere with which the author contrives to invest his pages. A reading of "The World Shut Out" will do something to atone for the Italian holidays so many people have missed during the last five years.

WELL-TO-DO ARTHUR. By W. Pett Ridge. 7s. net. (Methuen.)

As in "The Bustling Hours," here again Mr. Pett Ridge is a faithful chronicler of the war as it was fought on the home front. He takes young Arthur Lidlington for his pivotal man, or boy, and presently has a whole North London community revolving round him. There is Arthur's soldier-father coming home on leave to be made a hero of and to die; there is his mother smartly running a florist's shop and taking in theatrical lodgers; there is the girl he is more or less in love with, and her father; there are his mother's superior relatives; the boys and men who work with him at the munition factory, and his old and new master there, and a host of others, sharply and shrewdly depicted, and you come to see what the war meant to them all, in what ways it reacted on their characters, and more especially its effect on the development of Arthur, who earned more money at munition making than he knew what to do with. The humour and genial satire of the book are delightful. It presents something of the everyday comedy and tragedy of the years that are just behind us with that minuteness of observation and quiet, realistic power that have made Mr. Pett Ridge one of the most truthful as well as one of the most entertaining latter-day social historians of lower and middle-class London.

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ALL THE KING'S MEN. By Lieutenant-Colonel W. P. Drury. 7s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

It is symptomatic of our present preoccupations that, of the eleven short stories and two poems that go to the making of this book, there is a considerable amount of matter concerning the occult. The first yarn, "The Drum Triumphant," concerns one of the Grand Fleet ships that helped to shepherd the surrendered German fleet to our shores. "What impressed me most," declared the Commander who told the story, "was the uncanny stillness of the stunt"; and then suddenly, on this particular ship, came the incessant beating of a phantom drum! There was no escaping it, and no explaining it—except by an acceptance of the legend of Drake's Drum. Unfortunately, these yarns of the occult do not give us the expected weird thrill. The breezy style of the author is not suited to this kind of thing and, although readable throughout, he is much more successful in his humorous yarns, such as "The Squirrels" and "An Error in Diagnosis." These are both quite good and, we are only sorry that we are not treated to more of the amusing experiences and comments of the hero of "The Squirrels," one Mr. Pagett, ex-Private of the Royal Marines.

The Bookman's Table.

THE WOMEN'S VICTORY—AND AFTER: PERSONAL REMINISCENCES. By Millicent Garrett Fawcett. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

All men and women who interested themselves in the long fight for votes for women have been waiting for this book. It is a continuation of the little volume Mrs. Fawcett published in 1911 under the title of "Women's Suffrage: a Short History of a Great Movement," and brings the story of that movement up to the date of its victory when "the Royal Assent was given to the Representation of the People's Act, which for the first time placed women on the register of parliamentary voters." Mr. Asquith's solid opposition to the enfranchisement of women, accounts of deputations, references to well-known anti-suffragists who have now definitely placed themselves on the side of popular opinion, a concise report of the plodding work done by the National Union of Women's Suffrage Society, the failures and disappointments that were slowly but surely leading to the goal—these make up an intensely interesting book, illustrated with five cartoons from *Punch* which indicate the growth of the movement before and during the war. Not only suffragists but all lovers of progress owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Fawcett and those who fought with her so untiringly for the cause. Even of her worst enemies she writes without malice, and though herself always a non-militant, she is ready to praise the militant suffragettes for their devotion and courage. So completely has the general position of women altered since those dim, pre-war days that the obstacles women had to face, the insults they had to suffer in the struggle for emancipation, even so recently as 1914, seem almost incredible. We have indeed entered upon a new era.

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WAR IN THE MOUNTAINS.

life with the greater part of his regiment in the terrific affair near Nieuport, in July, 1917, when the 1st Northamptons refused to surrender though hopelessly cut off, and were virtually cut to pieces by the enemy. That his beautiful work may not be wholly lost, this volume containing photogravures of twenty-three of his exhibition pictures has been published by his widow. Every picture is a masterpiece, and is accompanied by charming and acceptable verses by Mrs. Elliot. The collection is a truly delightful one.

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The military achievements of the Australian troops in France are so well known and occupy so high a place among the factors which led to the final victory that there is no need to discuss them here. But the further question of the personal relations of the Australian troops with the authorities and with the natives of the country in which their operations took place is one of such delicacy that no one has hitherto dared to deal with it. General Sir John Monash is in a privileged position in this respect. He was in command of the troops, succeeding General Birdwood just before the last operations on the Somme, and he therefore can write on such subjects with first-hand knowledge and authority. The military history contained in this book, however, is of first-rate importance, and it may be regarded as a valuable contribution to the history of the war during the most important period of all. The style is straightforward, and it is not obscured by the technicalities which mar so many similar books. A number of maps and photographs elucidate the text.

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Among the many campaigns in which the British Army took part during the war, that in Italy was unquestionably only second in importance to the struggle upon the front in France and Belgium. Owing probably to the smallness of our forces in that field—though they played a leading part in the final victory—comparatively little is known in this country of the peculiar difficulties which the Italians had to contend against. There is room, in fact, for a large number of volumes on this subject, and Mr. Goldsmid's diary, which does not profess to be in any way exhaustive, should find an eager public among the many students of military tactics and history whom the last years have created. The author writes brightly, concisely and informingly, and the value of his work is enhanced by an excellent map.

From The Australian Victories in France (*Hutchinson*).

DUG-OUTS AT FROISSY BEACON BEING "MOPPED UP" DURING BATTLE.

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By Miss Ella Sykes, F.R.G.S., and Brigadier-General Sir Percy Sykes, K.C.I.E., C.B. 21s. net. (Macmillan.)

Within recent times few books have appeared to enlighten the stay-at-home Britisher on the subject of Chinese Turkestan and the Pamirs, those interesting regions in the heart of Asia where Marco Polo travelled, and where the three empires of Great Britain, Russia and China meet. A special welcome then should be accorded to the volume of travels, "Through Deserts and Oases of Central Asia," which General Sir Percy Sykes and his sister, Miss Ella Sykes, have just published. The credentials of these two writers for bringing out a book on Central Asia are so distinguished—the General has known these or the adjacent countries for the last thirty years—that an interesting and valuable work was bound to be expected from this collaboration; and it is but the barest justice to state that such a work has resulted from it. The book is composed of two parts. The first part, which describes the nine months' journey, comes from the graphic and vivacious pen of Miss Sykes; while for the second, which gives an account of the geography, history and customs of Chinese Turkestan, General Sykes is responsible. The illustrations and maps are a valuable feature of the volume, which should be in the hands of all interested in British policy in the Middle East.

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From **Through Deserts and Oases of Central Asia** (*Macmillan*).

A Kashgar School.

XUM

From **Practical Amateur Gardening,** By H. H. Thomas (*Cassell*).

A GLIMPSE INTO AN OLD-WORLD GARDEN.

BRITISH WILD FLOWERS: THEIR HAUNTS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

By WILLIAM GRAVESON. 10s. 6d. net. (Swarthmore Press.)

This is the second edition of what is in every respect a most delightful book. Its twenty-eight chapters describe a series of country rambles throughout the flowering year from March to September, from snowdrop and aconites to ivy, the last flower of the year to come into bloom. Most of these rambles took place in 1914, so that there is an added definiteness in the information given that helps to link it up with our own particular memories. Mr. Graveson never walks abroad without well opened eyes. His index gives 602 flowers, with a note of names common and proper, where they are commonly found, their colour, their month, etc., and there are fifty plates of great delicacy and accuracy, giving portraits of 150 different species.

NATIONALISATION OF THE MINES.

By FRANK HODGES. 4s. 6d. net. (Leonard Parsons.)

This is an excellent handbook on an all-important subject, and we only hope that some representative of the coal owners will now present us with their side of the case in the same able and unimpassioned manner. Mr. Hodges opens his case with an attack on private ownership. It is, he claims, wasteful of the product. It is computed that 3,500,000,000 tons of coal are left in the ground in "barriers"—that is, buried for ever—in neutral zones because of the owners' fear of rival companies encroaching on each other's preserves. There are, further, immense quantities left in the ground by companies which exploit the easy seams and leave the rest, and so on. It is wasteful of human life and energy. Every six hours one miner is killed and one hundred and twenty are injured. Its methods of distribution are susceptible of considerable improvement—but of that we were all aware. And the remedy, according to Mr. Hodges, is State ownership, the entire industry to be worked as a single undertaking. The suggested method of administration and control is in the direction of "Guildism." The country would be divided into districts, each represented by a Council elected by all the workers in the industry, technicians as well as manual workers, and at the head of all would be the Mining Council of twenty members, ten nominated by the Crown and ten by the mine workers themselves. It is a scheme deserving of special study and, as already stated, the owners owe us a statement of their alternatives, for no one believes that matters can continue to drift on in their present direction.

From **British Wild Flowers: Their Haunts and Associations** (*Swarthmore Press*).

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MOUNTAIN MEMORIES: A PILGRIMAGE OF ROMANCE.

By Sir Martin Conway. 21s. net. (Cassell.)

When on the 19th August, 1901, Sir Martin Conway finished his mountaineering by taking his daughter for her first climb up the Zermatt Breithorn—the same climb with which, as a schoolboy, he started his mountain career on the 9th September, 1872, he had all but thirty years of wandering and climbing everywhere on the face of the globe to his credit. The Alps, Tyrol, the Engadine, the Far East, Kashmir, the Himalayas, Ladakh, Spitzbergen, the Andes, almost everywhere where great mountains are, he has been and conquered them. And now he has written this book of memories, which is certain to be a book of devotion for mountaineers, for it is written out of the love and passion for beauty, the yearning for the far-off splendour that took the shape of love of mountains with him as with many another. Romance is of the heart and does not depend on miles or altitude or triumphs over the untamed, and Sir Martin has mellowed all his toils and voyages and triumphs into the very essence of adventuring. It is very much a book of himself, and so will go straight to the heart of all who like him have felt the spell of the heights, have felt it in the deep heart's core, but have never, perhaps, formulated it as is done in these exquisite pages.

Photo Spencer.
From **Mountain Memories** (*Cassell*).

THE SCHRECKHORN.

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By Dr. A. Mackenzie. With an Introduction by H. S. Colt. 16 Plates and 6 Diagrams. 2s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Dr. Mackenzie has theories upon the making of golf links, to which he gives vent in a most readable and vivacious manner in this practical little volume, which can be warmly recommended to all lovers of golf. The connection between the royal and ancient pastime and war—which would seem remote to the average person—is amusingly brought out in the following passage:

"In golf architecture and camouflage a knowledge of psychology is of enormous value. It enables one to judge what is likely to give pleasurable excitement to the golfer, and confidence and improvement in *moral* to the soldier. The writer feels most strongly that his experience in the Great War in visualising and surveying miles of sites for fortifications in this country and abroad, in map-reading, in the interpretation of aerial photographs, in drainage and labour-saving problems, and particularly

From **Golf Architecture** (*Simpkin, Marshall*).

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COVER DESIGN
Drawn by
Charles Norman.

in the mental training of strategic camouflage and devising traps and surprises for the enemy, was by no means wasted, even from a golf-course point of view. The only man he has seen successful in initiating rapidly into the mysteries of golf-course architecture was not a golfer but an artist, and one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of experts on camouflage."

A MATING IN THE WILDS.

By OTTWELL BINNS. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

This is a cheerful and commendably healthy story, in which both hero and heroine go back some considerable way to the beginnings of mankind—to the Neolithic Period, for choice. The result is picturesque and delightful reading. Mr. Binns tells his tale in a simple, direct style, which conveys an impression of truthfulness and actuality. It somewhat suggests the primeval stories of Rex Beach and Jack London, but is less—well—er—brutal, less insistently muscular. Stane and his mate, Helen Yardely—who proves her worth in a very concrete way—are admirable in conception and execution. The former, self-condemned to exile for a crime which he did not commit, is restored to civilisation by the latter who believes, in the face of strong circumstantial evidence, that he is innocent. The villain is less a scoundrel than a weakling, who always seeks the easier way to find it the more difficult. The very effort he makes to part the lovers brings them together as nothing else could have done, and the story ends happily on a high level of self-sacrifice and endurance.

ATTAINMENT, AND OTHER POEMS.

By JEAN HYACINTH HILDYARD. 1s. net. (Norwich: Goose & Son.)

In this little posthumous volume are gathered the verses of a young girl who died last year at the age of four-and-twenty. Like so many of our patriotic women-folk, she gave herself wholeheartedly to the service of her country through the long agony of the war, and the thoughts and emotions that the war stirred in her find utterance in a few of her poems. The lines dated on Armistice Day, "Who Giveth Us the Victory," must have been among the last she wrote, and breathe a thankfulness that was that day in the hearts of all:

From **The House of Whispers,**
William Johnston's new novel
(*Jarrolds*).

COVER DESIGN
Drawn by Albert
Morrow.

"Lord God, the nations cluster round Thy Throne,
Blood-stained and battle-worn and scarred with fire,
And lay the horrors that the years have known
Down at Thy feet in one great funeral pyre.

"We saw Thy fiery pillar through the night,
A flaming beacon, followed where it led
Through the Red Sea of blood, and now—the light,
And the Egyptians on the sea-shore—dead. . . ."

But most of her verses take the quieter, happier things of life for their themes. There is charm and grace of fancy and feeling in the song,

"Red roses flaming through the dusk,"

in "A Clerk in Springtime," "Youth," and "The Ruined Abbey," and the poems that touch on religion and the mysteries of death and eternity are fired with a real earnestness and ecstasy. They reflect a thoughtful and beautiful personality, and were well worth preserving, not only for their promise but for what they are.

A MATING IN THE WILDS.

Reproduction of wrapper design from Mr. Ottwell Binns' new novel (Ward, Lock).

DIGGER DIALECTS.

By W. H. DOWNING, late 57th Batt. A.I.F. (Melbourne: Lothian Book Co.)

An exhaustive collection of slang phrases used by the Australian soldiers on active service. Some of them are not only picturesque but useful additions to the language.

THE HIDDEN SPLENDOUR.

By Hibbart Gilson. Illustrations and Designs by Edward Docker. 3s. 6d. net. (Cambridge: Heffer.)

Feeling that "rhyme is apt to tyrannise over thought," and aiming to achieve at once the brevity of expression that is imposed by verse and the greater freedom that prose allows, Mr. Hibbart Gilson has evolved an irregularly metrical and rhymeless stanza of his own. You may think that what he has to say is not so portentous that it could not have been said as easily in orthodox and more harmonious verses, but he is right in his contention that "the finest style an author can possess is the one most suited to his individual mode of thinking," and that he put his thoughts into the form that he found best adapted to their utterance is an ample justification of his medium. They are the glowing thoughts of youth on love and beauty, truth and dreams, the secrets of nature, and the blind gropings of the human heart after knowledge of self and of the worlds seen and unseen. He preaches no new philosophy, but believes that for happiness

"We only need have faith
In one another's good";

that

"Beauty holds her own reward
For those who serve her well";

he has the mystic's sense of man's oneness with the universal soul of things, and links up a love of earth with the loftiest spiritual impulses. The poems are fresher in manner than in matter, and their matter is more pleasing than their manner, but they have an individual note and a simple sincerity that are in themselves no small merit.

From The Hidden Splendour (*Cambridge: Heffer*). NATURE.

From Big Timber, Bertrand W. Sinclair's new novel (*Hodder & Stoughton*). WRAPPER DESIGN.

STRINGS.

By Charlotte Mansfield. 7s. net. (Westall.)

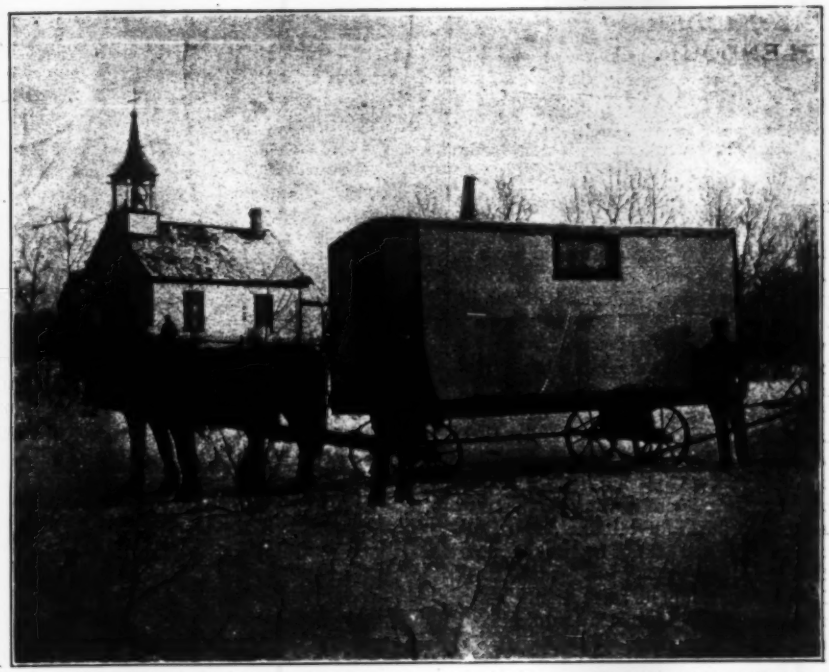
There is not very much plot in this romantic story of a maker of violins and his adopted son, Perenza. Perenza is also a pupil in violin-making, and a virtuoso on the instrument as well. He makes love to an English woman in order to get hold of a unique Stradivarius, being utterly selfish and glorying in cruelty for his art's sake. He seems to steal all his master's violins, to abandon the woman he had used and generally to misbehave in a totally unreal and impossible fashion. Finally he turns up in England and takes almost demoniac possession of his unclaimed son who is on the point of marriage to an English girl. It is not at all clear what happens, but the reader is chaotically left with an impression that Perenza's fiddle is strung with the entrails or nerves of the woman he had abandoned, and that he presents his son with a similar fiddle concocted from the body of his bride, and a bow strung with her hair. The book is not a piece of fiction at all, simply journalism about violins. The characters have no relation to life or reality, and the tale ends in a rhapsody of lurid nonsense.

XUM

LETTERS OF OSWIN CREIGHTON, C.F 1883-1918.

Edited by His Mother, LOUISE CREIGHTON. 14s. net. (Longmans.)

Oswin Creighton was the son of Dr. Creighton, the well-known historian and Bishop of London. As a schoolboy he was determined to enter the Church, and never wavered in that determination. At twenty-two he went for a year to Smyrna as assistant master to a boys' school, returning in 1906 to London and taking orders, his first curacy establishing him in Notting Dale where he worked for three years, then going to Western Canada as a member of the Archbishops' Mission, arriving at Edmonton in autumn, 1910. When war broke out in 1914 he came home in October and in November was made Chaplain to the Forces, and went in March, 1915, to Alexandria, and was attached to the Gallipoli Expedition with the 29th Division. His experiences there have been published in his volume "With the 29th Division in Gallipoli," and were manifold and developing. After Gallipoli England, after England France from November, 1916, till April, 1918, when a shell found him and ended his career. The letters given in this book disclose the weaknesses as well as the essential nobleness of a high-spirited, ardent, striving personality, and show the unfolding of his character and intellect and ecclesiastical beliefs. The world is impoverished by the loss of such men.



From **Letters of Oswin Creighton** (*Longmans*).

THE CHURCH AT MIRROR AND THE CABOOSE, 1913

From **Dumbartonshire,** Cambridge County Handbook Series (*Cambridge Press*).

THE HIGHLANDMANS ROAD, NEAR HELENSBURG'd.

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By A. D. SANDERSON FURNISS and MARION PHILLIPS. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. net. (Swarthmore Press.)

There is at the present moment a veritable famine in houses, especially small houses for people of moderate means. Large numbers must be built as speedily as possible. Hence there is a splendid opportunity for discovering the best and most convenient type of house, and that desired by women who have to live in them and run them for their families. Inquiries have been conducted among working women as to what kind of house they really want, and what improvements will embody their long experience of house-running. The results of these inquiries are brought together and amplified in this most valuable little book, along with plans of houses meant to meet the requirements indicated, and many most useful hints and descriptions of labour-saving methods of construction and furnishing. At the present moment many people are vitally and urgently interested in the whole question, and this book admirably sums up the most important elements and details therein.

From **A Working Woman's House** (*Swarthmore Press*).

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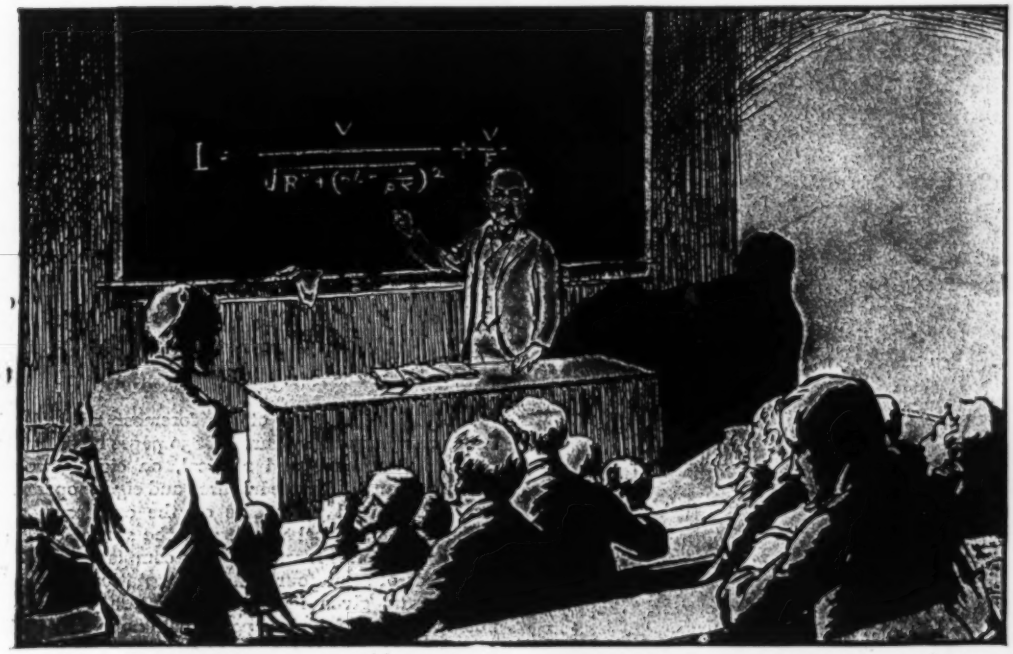

From Silvanus Phillips Thompson
(*Fisher Unwin*).

CARICATURE PORTRAIT OF SILVANUS P. THOMPSON LECTURING AT FINSBURY COLLEGE.

SILVANUS PHILLIPS THOMPSON, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S.: HIS LIFE AND LETTERS.

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In a quiet but very effective way Professor Thompson had a considerable influence on the scientific development of that most developing epoch, the later Victorian and the Edwardian periods. Born in 1851, a Quaker by birth, education and practice, he took to science, and by the time he was thirty years of age had already made his mark among the most promising and inventive. His researches into electricity, his interest in telephony and wireless telegraphy, his work on the phenomena connected with radium, set him prominently in the front rank of scientists, while his broad general culture and interest in every department of life and progress made him a personality of commanding power. He became Principal of the Technical College, Finsbury, in 1885, in his thirty-fourth year, and remained there for thirty-one years, until his death in 1916. His work there was of the soundest, and the great number of pupils that passed through the institution gained enormously from his enthusiasm and wise, discerning help. Besides the great standard work on "Dynamo-Electric Machinery," and innumerable scientific treatises of great lucidity and power, Professor Thompson wrote the "Life of Faraday" and 'Life of Kelvin," two examples of the very best kind of biography. The present record of his career deserves to be very widely read.

From Lord Grey of the Reform Bill
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On the first day of the Reformed Parliament, 1833, Cobbett seated himself on the Ministerial Bench to the surprise of some of its occupants. From H.B. 'Political Sketches." (See p. 23.)

From Omniana (*Jarrolds*). PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

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By J. F. FULLER. (Jarrolds.)

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From the XV. to the XVIII. Century.

By WILLIAM A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN. 15s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

This is a reissue at little more than one-third the original price of a very sumptuous and monumental volume that appeared first in 1914 in a comparatively limited edition. A large handsome quarto in format it gives a splendid selection from the available pictorial material—from manuscripts, printed books and engravings—showing the development and phases of hunting, shooting, falconry and fishing during four hundred years. In the text is a description of the sports referred to, including many fascinating details of life and manners, while the illustrations—most beautifully reproduced—follow chronological order and are chosen with reference to the text. We are grateful to the author for his having chosen for reproduction not the well-known pictures and engravings so much as the lesser known which are to be found in private collections, thus gratifying the student and affording a welcome guide for the collector, who will find the excellent appendix, giving details of the chief artists who have made sport their subject and their works, of the utmost help. The book is most fascinating, and remarkably cheap at fifteen shillings.

THE COMPLETE OPERA BOOK.

By GUSTAV KOBBÉ. Illustrated. (Putnams.)

Mr. Kobbé was one of the foremost musical critics of America, and in this volume of 850 pages he brings together notes, biographical and musical, on eighty-two operatic composers and some one hundred and eighty operas. There are well-founded judgments on the composers and their value in the musical world, and the stories of the operas are given in brief form, yet very complete, and illustrated by means of some four hundred quotations of leading airs and themes given in musical notation. There are also notes of the chief modern performances, mainly in America, of the most famous singers in various rôles, and we have also a round hundred illustrations giving portraits of singers in their parts and of scenes from the operas. As a handbook for modern opera it is most valuable, for Mr. Kobbé devotes a considerable amount of space to the most recent works that have found a home on the stage; and as a work of reference it is sound and full of accurate and well arranged information.

From The Complete Opera Book, by Gustav Kobbé (*Putnams*). MARY GARDEN AS SAPPHO.

A SHORT LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

By C. Sheridan Jones. 3s. 6d. net. (Rider.)

Washington was a very great man in his own day and is still, as he deserves to be, a great figure in the memory and legend of the United States of America. It is no less natural that over on this side of the Atlantic he is of less heroic looming—although we recognise or accept him as one of the world's heroes. Few care much or know overmuch of the details of his life and work—and yet they truly belong to English history. For, as Mr. Jones points out, Washington was essentially an Englishman, and before the Norman Conquest his ancestors lived on the banks of the Tees, and his virtues and qualities were wholly those that marked the English breed. Accordingly, it is a worthy piece of work happily carried out by Mr. Jones to give a brief, swift narrative of Washington's life and career for English readers. From boyhood—when there was no axe and cherry tree of any authenticity—to the days when he was the public surveyor of the county at sixteen, and young manhood when he was fond of shooting and fond of the ladies, and was noted for his great strength — he could throw a stone farther than any man in Virginia —on to his service against the French, against the Indians, through the times of wrangle with England culminating in war, war that England could have decided at once if she had troubled, war that only Washington carried on his shoulders, and up to the time of his statesmanship and governance of the young nation, Mr. Jones traces his history with admirable clearness, ease and proportion. The book is very much to be commended both for scope and manner.

From **A Short Life of Washington** (*Rider*). **George Washington.**

From a portrait by Rembrandt-Peale, painted Septr., 1795, in the possession of W. B. Coleman, Esq.

SASHA.

By A. Kuprin. 7s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

It is difficult to place Kuprin, if one has to judge him by the volume of short stories which, under the general title of "Sasha," Mr. Douglas Ashby has translated, and Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd has "introduced." In "The Murderer" he describes sympathetically a Russian landowner who does to death a kitten under the influence of blood-mania; and he makes one's gorge rise against an author who can treat such a sadic orgy as a story to be recollected and to be told afresh. One thinks of the implacable description of Russian antenomianism which Mr. Conrad presents in "Under Western Eyes"; and one turns with disgust from a novelist who describes with such detachment the cruelties of a race which seems content and ready to sin "that grace may abound." In "Sasha," the tale of a Jewish fiddler who is the great attraction of an underground beer-garden, Kuprin discovers the "soul of goodness in things evil" in a fashion that reminds one of the De Maupassant of "Boule de Suif" and "Maison Tellier"; and the result is a really great short story told with a large measure of the Olympian aloofness and consequent divine charity so characteristic of the great French master. Smacking of De Maupassant's manner, too, are three or four records of musings over old love affairs which can be consulted in this volume; while the pictures of Ukrainian and of Russian scenery which are presented are suffused with that tender melancholy which draws one so irresistibly to the stories of Turgenev and of Tchehov. But the abiding impression which one gets from these latest sketches of Muscovite life is the old impression of savagery: "Scratch a Russian; and you find a Tartar."

From **A Lord Mayor's Diary, 1906-7,** by Sir William Treloar, which Mr. John Murray is publishing. **Sir William Treloar, Bart.**

MY CHESS CAREER.

By J. R. Capablanca. 7s. 6d. net. (Bell.)

Capablanca is only thirty-one, but he is undoubtedly one of the greatest masters of chess the world has ever known. Born in Havana in 1888, he was less than five years old when he saw his father play chess with a friend, and three days after played

MISS ELIZABETH SOUTHWART.

Author of "The Story of Jenny," which has won the first prize in Mr. Erskine Macdonald's competition for the best novel of contemporary life.

a game with his father and beat him. A few days after the best players in the chess club found it impossible to give him a Queen! Surely this was something like a prodigy. Doctors advised against his continuing to play, but at eleven years of age he started again, and within three months he won a series of games against all the first class players, with the single exception of Corzo, the champion. Very soon he defeated Corzo in a set match, and at eighteen was the equal at least of the best players in the Manhattan Chess Club of New York. At twenty he defeated Marshall, in 1911 he won first prize at San Sebastian, in 1914 he was second with 13 points to Lasker with 13½ in the great St. Petersburg tournament. The rise and phenomenal development of his powers are well shown in this account, and exceedingly interesting are his descriptions of actual games played with all the masters, and his comments and annotations on the moves. For erudite and interested chess students this book is indispensable and will be a great joy.

THE MEANING OF DEMOCRACY.

By IVOR J. C. BROWN, B.A. 6s. net.
(Cobden-Sanderson.)

ECONOMIC DEMOCRACY.

By MAJOR C. H. DOUGLAS. 5s. net.
(Cecil Palmer.)

To numerous unthinking reformers democracy is a solvent for all social ills; whilst to many other equally well-intentioned and equally ignorant people it means simply pandering to the criminal instincts of a selfish mob. It might be a sop or a bludgeon. The fact is, of course, that it is one of those blessed words that have been so misused that they have almost ceased to mean anything at all. Take our so-called democracies of the modern world. In most countries there is little real interest in government; there is a general abysmal ignorance of civic affairs and an acquiescence in the actions of an active minority which may or may not be truly public spirited. Here, then, is room for serious consideration of this word which should be as vital as civic life itself, but which has come to mean so much that it has almost ceased to mean anything at all. The confusion, says Mr. Ivor Brown, is not far to seek. It lies in "the acceptance of acquiescence and will as identical things." If we give the word its real value we must, unfortunately, admit that there are very few democrats in the world, and, as we cannot have democracies without democrats, there are still fewer democracies. In a truly democratic country popular opinion must be articulate and not merely tolerant; the governed must pass from acquiescence to volition. But democracy is not merely a question of politics and civics. The substance behind what is too often merely the sham-fight and shadow-play of politics is economics, and in this field is a new and growing demand for real democracy. Indeed, it might be said that in many countries there is already the machinery of political democracy, waiting for the people to develop a will to use it; but economic democracy is an almost new demand. Unfortunately, Major Douglas has not the facile pen of Mr. Ivor Brown, so that we fear that his contribution will neither reach nor appeal to as wide a public as it deserves. His chief points are these: Production is a purely scientific question; we could to-day produce infinitely more than we do if we were concerned only with needs and not with profits. The great problem is more equitable distribution, and to bring this about we have to tackle the question of economic democracy, controlling in the public interest *price*, and the *credit* from which all industrial, commercial, indeed social activities spring.

From **My Chess Career** (*Bell*). **J. R. CAPABLANCA.**

FLEET STREET AND DOWNING STREET.

By KENNEDY JONES. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

There are several sides to the history of journalism, and Mr. Kennedy Jones tells of those sides on which he worked for so long and with such conspicuous success, and, in spite of or because of his very practical outlook, he makes an extraordinarily fascinating story of it—one that will open the eyes of the public to some of the tricks of the trade and one that aspiring journalists should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest, for divers reasons. No full history of journalism is attempted; nobody but Mr. J. B. Williams has attempted that great undertaking, and his admirable volume stops short long before it reaches our own times. Mr. Kennedy Jones supplies a concise and useful summary of the rise and development of the daily newspaper, and then takes up the tale where Mr. Williams leaves off, but rightly devotes himself, in the main, to an inside account of the coming and amazing growth in popularity and influence of the Northcliffe press, in the planting and cultivation of which he played a considerable part. He is frankly cynical; he gives away secrets of the prison house; he thinks the Press now has less influence than ever before, and some of the things he reveals about it will not help to restore its power. But Mr. Kennedy Jones's frankness concerning the methods and ideals of modern journalism add much to the educative value of an uncommonly able and uncommonly interesting book.

MISS GERTIE DE S. WENTWORTH-JAMES,
whose new novel, "A Very Bad Woman," has just been published by Mr. Werner Laurie.

From Fleet Street and Downing Street (*Hutchinson*).

MR. KENNEDY JONES

DESERT LOVE.

By JOAN CONQUEST. 7s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

When you see this novel you will see boldly noted on its loose cover, with the exciting picture, that it is "the most enthralling tale of passion and romance that has appeared for years." That may mean anything or nothing. There is a young woman called Jill, well bred and experienced, a consummate horsewoman, a dead shot, an exquisite beauty. Left penniless by an adoring father—as is customary in enthralling tales of passion and romance—she becomes companion to a disagreeable parvenue, and falls in with Hahmed the Camel King, an Arab chief and owner of an oasis somewhere up from the Nile, a creature of romance if ever there was one, certainly existing nowhere else than in that hazy and purply air. Jill rides off into the desert to visit his oasis with him, and of course he falls in love with her and refuses to let her go until she loves him. Consider the wealth of Monte Cristo poured out in a Ben-Hurrish fashion, and Hahmed a chaste gentleman of fiery devotion, and Jill a chaste lady

MR. PERCY WHITE,
whose famous Anglo-Egyptian novel, "Cairo," has just been published in Constable's popular 2s. series.

XUM

From Father Neptune's Diamond (*Partridge*). SIR SOLOMON AND LADY SEAL WERE RECLINING ON THE BALCONY.

of fiery ardours, and you must expect that Jill will fall desperately in love. She does, and we are left to suppose that happiness is the result.

FATHER NEPTUNE'S DIAMOND.

By PHILIP and FAY INCHFAWN. 3s. 6d. net. (Partridge.)

Gladys and Freda and Tommy, to say nothing of John James, the gollywog, have already made a host of friends among young readers, and here we meet them again, setting off to search for the blue diamond that has been lost out of Father Neptune's crown. Their adventures in Fish Town are both comical and exciting; they follow up one clue after another and become involved at last in a thrilling war, but the explanation of the mystery is surprising, and well in harmony with the rest of the book. When it is added that there are a number of drawings by Mr. Thomas Maybank, this "story of magic at the bottom of the ocean" will be recognised as one to put into the hands of any imaginative boy or girl with a sense of fun; a gift that is certain to please.

KOSSOVO: HEROIC SONGS OF THE SERBS.

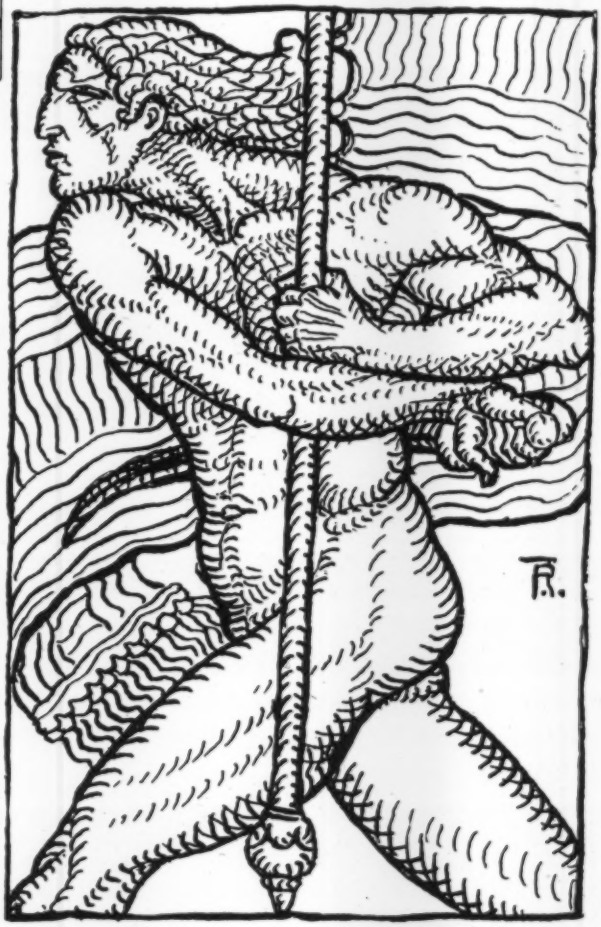
4s. 6d. (Blackwell.)

Serbian folk-songs must meet with a sympathetic reception in this country where, in spite of our other changes in outlook, we have not yet lost our sympathy with that gallant nation. In this small volume the Serbian text is given faced with a translation by Helen Rootham. The songs enshrine something of the soul and national ideals of the Serbs, and the translation preserves a rugged simplicity, a certain crudity of thought and utterance that are doubtless characteristic of the original. The presence of the Serbian text gives the book a philological interest which should add greatly to its value. There is an introduction by Maurice Baring, and a very interesting historical preface by Janko Lavrin. There is also a drawing of Boshko Jugovitch by a Serbian artist, Toma Rosandic, a curious, bizarre piece of work, primitive in style, and remarkable more for its quaintness than for its artistic merit.

GLADSTONE BAGS AND MARMARLADE.

By L. DE GIBERNE SIEVEKING. Illustrated by ALEC MACDONALD. (Cecil Palmer.)

For rollicking fun and high spirits it would be difficult to beat this book, the second of its kind, which Mr. Sieveking and Mr. Macdonald have just put out. It is sheer nonsense from start to finish, and you want to be in the mood for nonsense when you read it. If you are, then you will find yourself laughing heartily, for it is wholesome nonsense, combining absurd verses with parodies, and including "The nightmare of a man in the street, after glancing through a few very modern publications." There is something young and irresponsible about the whole thing, and the illustrations are not the least succulent part of the entertainment. The author and artist must have enjoyed producing the book with all the enthusiasm of a couple of schoolboys, and the reader who approaches it in the same spirit will most decidedly share the joke.



From KOSSOVO (*Oxford: Blackwell*). BOSHKO JUGOVITCH. Drawn by Toma Rosandic.

OUT AND AWAY.

Edited by CHARLES ROBINSON and HAROLD F. B. WHEELER. 2s. 6d. net. (Sphinx Publishing Co.)

This is the most attractive and variedly interesting of the three quarterly issues of *Out and Away* that have now made their appearance. It has a full and distinguished list of literary and artistic contributors, and all the stories and articles, in harmony with its title, have a breath of the open air about them. The many illustrations in colour and black-and-white are the best work, in widely differing styles, of some of our best artists. The drawing we reproduce is one of Alfred Leete's illustrations to a delightfully whimsical, farcical, topical parody of Boswell's "Tour with Dr. Johnson to the Hebrides," by L. E. Filmore.

From Out and Away (*Sphinx Publishing Co.*).

DR. JOHNSON IN THE HEBRIDES.
Drawn by Alfred Leete.

From Staff Tales (*Constable*).

PRATT'S TOURS OF THE FRONT.
Drawn by H. M. Bateman.

THE HOUSE OF ARNOTT AND SOME OF ITS BRANCHES.

By JAMES ARNOTT, M.D. 42s. (William Brown.)

Colonel Arnott, M.D., late of the Indian Medical Service, has devoted his leisure to useful purpose in compiling a history of his house. This is one of the best family histories we have seen. It is carefully written, handsomely printed, and beautifully illustrated. The *fons et origo* of the sept seems to have been Kinrossshire, where Arnott Tower, a venerable ruin, is still a notable landmark. At least a dozen branches of the family spread throughout Lowland Scotland, not a few of whose members filled reputable positions, and rendered admirable service in the pursuit of literature, in the profession of arms, and as doctors and divines. An eminent cadet was Hugo of Balcormo, author of a "History of Edinburgh" (1779) and of a collection of celebrated criminal trials. Dr. David

STAFF TALES.

By CAPTAIN W. P. LIPSCOMB, M.C.
Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN.
7s. 6d. net.
(Constable.)

If it is true that the taste for humour and the taste for short stories have revived, then a large and grateful public should by now be reading "Staff Tales." There is not an ounce of malice in them; their satire touches the spot, but does it genially. They are just the best of good fun, handling the brass-hats without reverence, pulling the distinguished legs of our war experts, and, among other things, telling an outrageous but delightfully farcical story of a conscientious objector that is so quaintly whimsical in idea and so bubbling with the undiluted spirit of laughter that the fiercest "conchy" might himself read it with full enjoyment. Captain Lipscomb is a new humorist, and a real one. This is his first book, and the publishers and the public may be relied upon to see to it that it is not his last. There is no need to praise the illustrations; it is enough to say they are by Mr. H. M. Bateman, and in his happiest, most joyously irresponsible vein.

THE SURPRISING DOOMSDAY DREAM.
One of David Low's twelve illustrations in "Old Seed on New Ground," by the Rev. Canon Adderley, which Messrs. Putnams are publishing shortly.

XUM

was minister of the High Kirk of Edinburgh, poet, painter and sculptor to boot. Dr. Archibald attended Napoleon in his last illness, and Napoleon died with his hand in that of the good Scots physician. Bonaparte found him to be a true friend, "a man of honour and a gentleman." He left Arnott a legacy of 12,000 francs and a silver snuff-box on which—having sat up in bed and bracing himself for what was almost a last effort—he cut the initial letter of his name, N. A most interesting chapter in a volume from which the local annalist may dig with advantage, deals with the Arnotts of Kirkconnel Hall. To this branch the distinguished compiler belongs. Kirkconnel, one of the beauty-spots of Dumfriesshire, is indissolubly associated with the exquisite Border ballad, "Fair Helen," regarded by many as the gem of Scott's "Minstrelsy." Altogether this is a human document which reflects infinite credit on its author, and it fills an exceedingly worthy niche in Scottish domestic literature.

THE KAISER'S INVESTMENTS.

By JOSEPH HOCKING. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Joseph Hocking always tells a capital story, and "The Kaiser's Investments" is no exception to his golden rule of interesting those who enjoy really good workmanship and easy engaging writing. The late war affords endless opportunities for the translating of unexpected facts into expected fiction, and Mr. Hocking has taken every advantage of this thankfully-received help to authors in search of life's sensations. From the beginning the reader is gripped by the mystery of the lost papers and the brisk relation of their recovery is thrillingly dramatic, with no great suggestion of the impossible. Particularly clever is the scheming of Sophia Trecarrel; and the dexterous way in which she tricks the enemy will baffle the reader quite as skilfully as it baffled the over-confident villains. The story can be heartily recommended to all who desire an hour or so of quiet enjoyment with occasional stirring moments. Of its class nothing could be better.

From **Ambrose Lavendale,** Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's new novel (*Hodder & Stoughton*). **WRAPPER DESIGN** (reduced reproduction).

From **The Kaiser's Investments** (*Ward, Lock*). **WRAPPER DESIGN.**

THE CISTERCIANS IN YORKSHIRE.

By J. S. FLETCHER. 17s. 6d. net. (S.P.C.K.)

The Rule of St. Benedict established monasticism early in the sixth century on the basis of a common life, by no means the first experiment in development from the life of the anchorite, but a more practical illustration of the marriage between work and prayer. When ease and wealth and power undermined the obedience, there arose in the tenth century the Cluniac Order, under a rectified Benedictine Rule. But the Cluny story was that of the earlier foundation, and another reform intervened at the end of the eleventh century, being that of the Carthusians—a reversion in part to a pre-Benedictine condition, and its seat at Chartreuse is immortal in monastic history. All these foundations have their great story; all contributed their quota to the great work of finding the world in God, by losing that world which is without a part in Him. But the greatest of all reforms was that which developed the Cistercian out of the Rule of St. Benedict, and Mr. Fletcher's book is the story of this movement in the place of its chief English home, from 1130—and the first settlement in the dales—to the final suppression under Henry VIII., in 1539—a chequered chronicle of over four hundred years. There is no praise too high for the matter and manner of Mr. Fletcher's book. He has given us a living picture, unrolling a great pageant. Those who have never read a monastic history may read this as if it were the matter of romance, as such indeed it is, when romance is understood as that spirit or genius which holds up a glass of vision on the records of things as they are. It is also in the telling the book of a great morality and a great spiritual lesson—a story of doom unfolded.

XUM

THE ANONYMOUS POET OF POLAND.

By MONICA M. GARDNER. 12s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

The national poet of Poland is Adam Mickiewicz, and the anonymous poet is Zygmunt Krasinsky, both being Polish designations. The one is described here as the "chief and magnificent spokesman" of a "great romantic revival"; the other as "an eternal idealist," a mystic—though not perhaps in our fullest and highest sense. He was inspired by "faith in the personality of God" and in the life of the soul; he had love as the root of his system, but insisted always on morality and duty as holding the keys of victory for the individual soul, as well as for every national life—above all for his crucified Poland. Miss Gardner has given us previously a study of "the national poet": of her capability and craftmanship there is no need to speak. We have another example of both in the present volume, which is full of living interest, and a very

COVER DESIGN
Drawn by Charles Norman.

From A Prince of Intrigue,
By May Wynne
(*Jarrolds*).

needful contribution to our knowledge of Polish literature. She says that the very name of Krasinsky is unknown in this country, and this is nearly true: the greater is therefore the pity that she has only a derisive foot-note for the one attempt to present a reflection in English verse of "The Undivine Comedy." It was made by the Earl of Lytton—Owen Meredith—in "Orval, or the Fool of Time." It was a paraphrase only and Miss Gardner calls it feeble, but it was the first work which took off the cloud of unknowing from the anonymous poet, and for this reason—as also because it is by no means so bad as the unfortunate foot-note paints it—"Orval" has, and will retain, a place in the mind of the present reviewer. The designation conferred upon Mickiewicz is his own and no other's; it explains itself. Krasinsky is national too, but after another, which is also his own manner: he is the voice of the agony of Poland, but his designation is a part of the cloud about him. It means that his father was not on the national side, for he "stood well" with the Tsar, and not only by personal influence prevented his son joining in the Polish cause—e.g. in the rising of 1830—but bequeathed to him a detested name. Nothing therefore of

From The Guardian,
By Isabel M. Peacocke
(*Ward, Lock*).

WRAPPER DESIGN.

From The River's End,
Oliver Curwood's New Romance
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

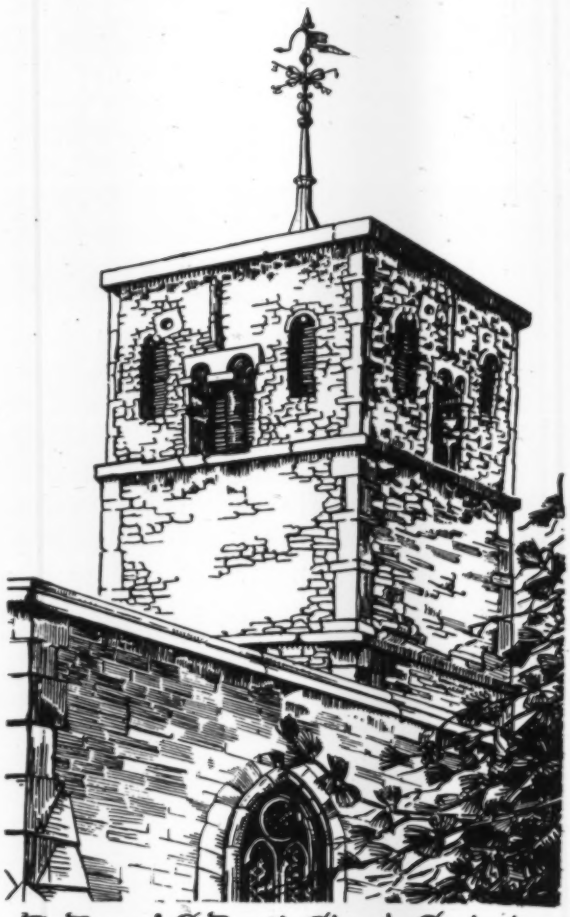
REDUCED REPRODUCTION OF WRAPPER DESIGN.

Krasinsky's appeared except anonymously: Siberia was looming on the one side and patriotic hostility on the other. The great works of Krasinsky are: (1) "The Undivine Comedy": it is a poem written in prose, "the finest that ever came from Krasinsky's pen." (2) "Iridion," another prose drama, the scene of which is Rome, when the empire drew to its dissolution. (3) The lyrics that make up "Dawn," a "rapturous idealisation of his nation.' There are also "Psalms of the Future," "Psalms of Faith, Hope and Love," and the last poem of all, "Resurrections." The greatest of all is "The Undivine Comedy"—that pageant of universal revolution, ending in universal desolation and chaos. Krasinsky was born in 1812 and died in 1859, both events taking place in Paris.

LIFE IN OLD CAMBRIDGE: ILLUSTRATIONS OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

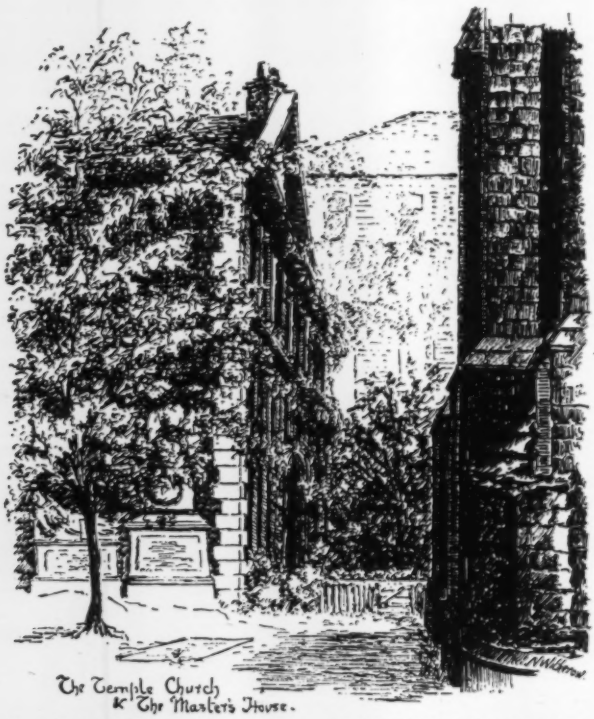
By E. M. Monckton Jones. Preface by Gilbert Chesterton. 3s. net. (Cambridge: Heffer.)

Miss Monckton Jones, in her choice and manner of using historical material, has shown herself a follower of the late Professor Maitland, and she herself would not desire any higher praise. "The Cambridge Borough Charters," edited by Professor Maitland and Mary Bateson, and the appendix to Professor Maitland's lectures, "Township and Borough," show how much can be learnt of the social history of England by studying a particular town, and how important a part Cambridge has played in the past as the capital of East Anglia, which has a very significant place in the history of our island. Miss Monckton Jones has compiled her book from well-known sources, but it is the compilation of a scholar set forth in a most attractive style. The book is written as a school book for the elementary schools of Cambridge, and the author has continuously kept in mind the child for whom it is written, having made free use of attractive anecdote, because she holds that "a knowledge of the factors and the actors which have made up the life of the past is the best means of arousing that community sentiment on which can be based the co-operation of good citizens in the future." The book will interest older readers because, as Mr. G. Chesterton says, it is an example of one thing studied in a universal spirit, and in it history is made alive and not, as in too many antiquarian local histories, buried in a mass of insignificant detail.



The Tower of S. Benet's Church, Cambridge.

From **Life in Old Cambridge** (*Cambridge: Heffer*).



From **London Scenes,** W. R. Titterton's admirable Book of Essays and Impressions (*Andrew Melrose*).

THE TEMPLE CHURCH AND THE MASTER'S HOUSE.

WITH THE DIE-HARDS IN SIBERIA.

By Colonel John Ward. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

On the vexed question of Bolshevism Colonel Ward can write with first-hand authority. He has seen the effect of it, and his opinion does not show any sign of bias. To say that he unhesitatingly condemns it is only a natural tribute to his intelligence. He has also some very hard things to say about the hesitating and uncertain attitude of the Allies, to which he attributes, in fact, the whole chaos in Russia. At the present moment, when interest is turning to Russia once more, this book should be read with the greatest interest. It was written originally in the form of a diary, and is still kept in that form. Many important Russian personalities appear in the pages, which exhibit a degree of outspokenness that is rarely found and cannot, under the circumstances, be called indiscreet. The chapter which deals with the Japanese policy and its results is one which deserves the most careful perusal, and the general conclusions are so logical that we must accept them, however unpleasant they may be. The book is from its very nature and form more personal than most books of a similar nature, but we are tired of generalities and personal experience is what we require for understanding, if we ever can, the Russian problem.

Mr. Leonard Parsons' Spring Announcements

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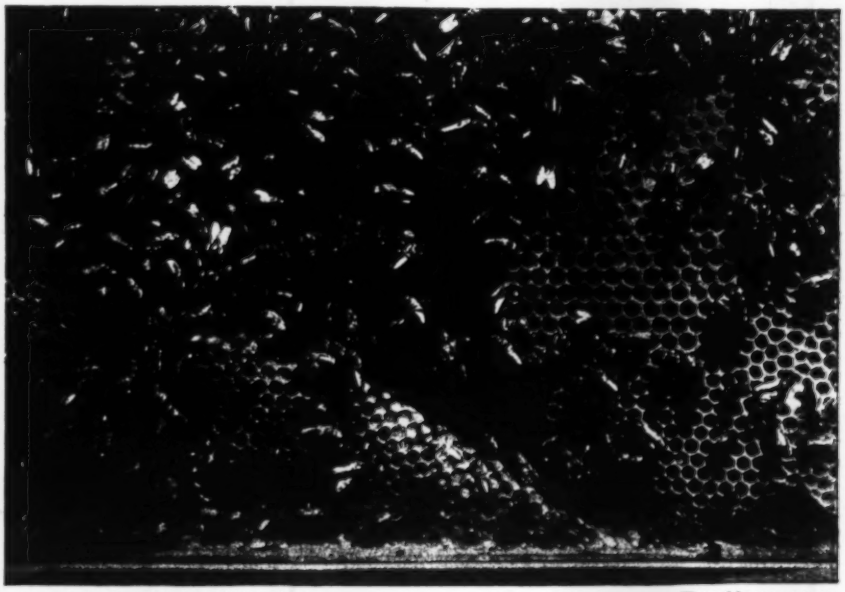

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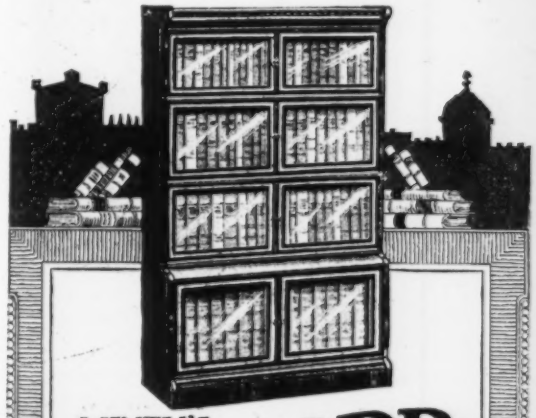

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